

SPY

December

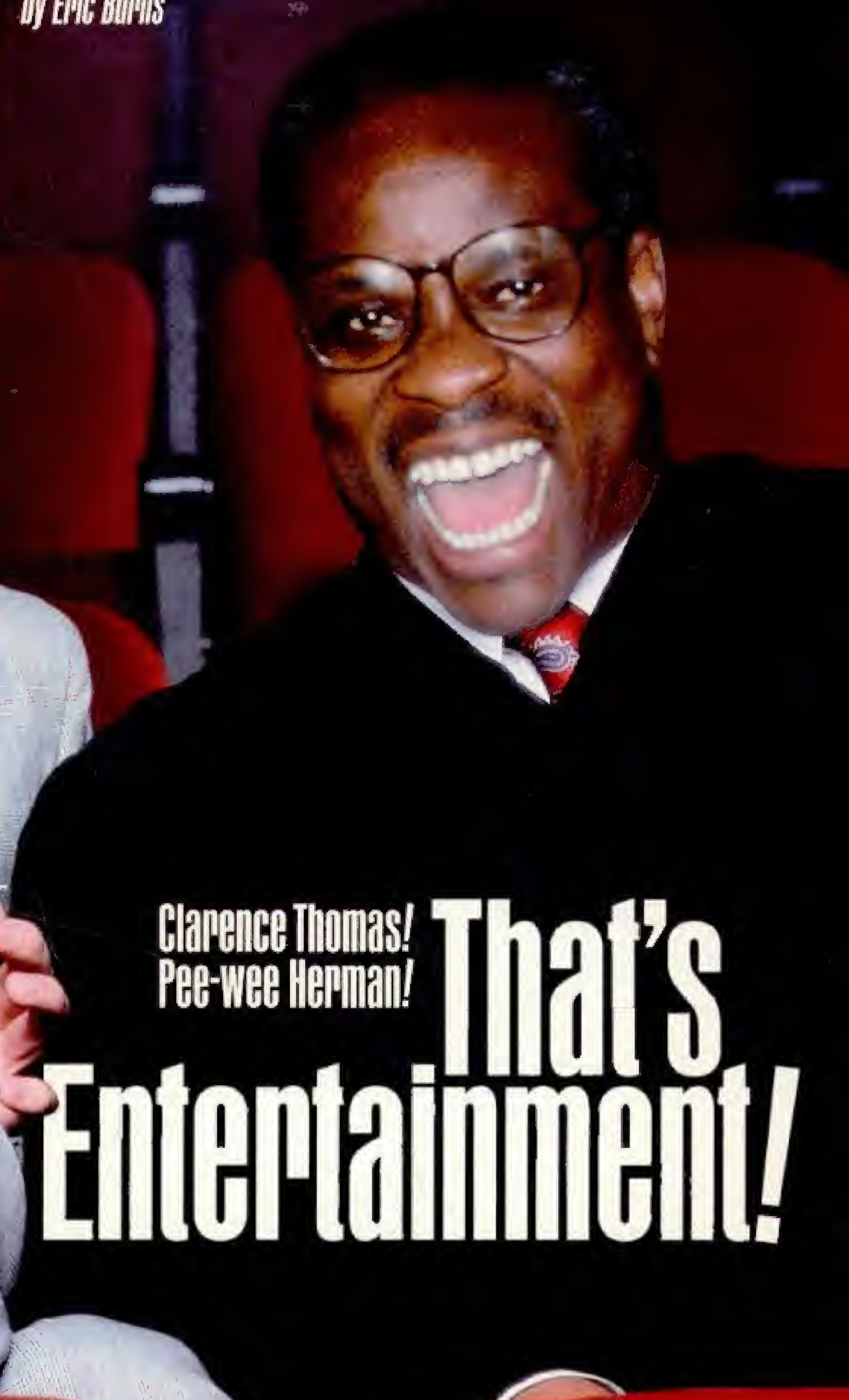
Mission: Impossible

The Men Who Try to
Make Quayle Look Smart

Recycled Celebrities

Why Bob Goulet Is a Genius

by Eric Burns



Clarence Thomas!
Pee-wee Herman!

That's Entertainment!



Letterman Jumps • Remaking Whoopi • Esperanto Software

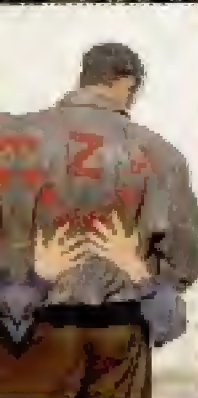
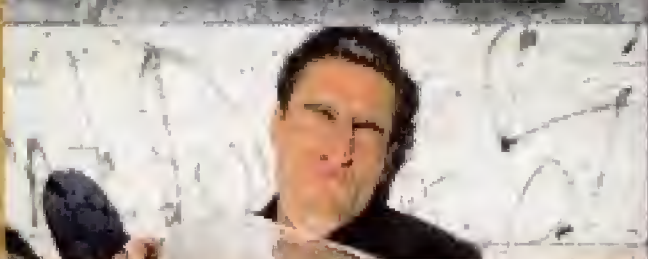
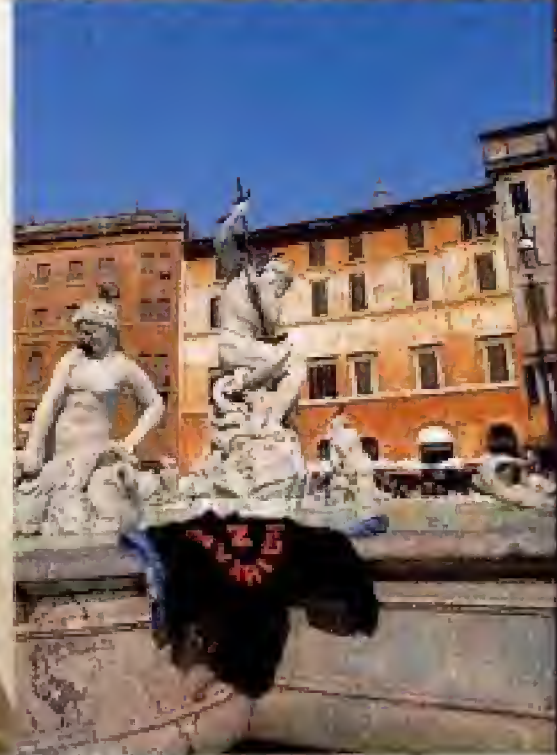


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BLOOMINGDALE'S DAYTON HUDSON ROBINSON'S DILLARDS



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*When you're heart
out, wear
to wear*





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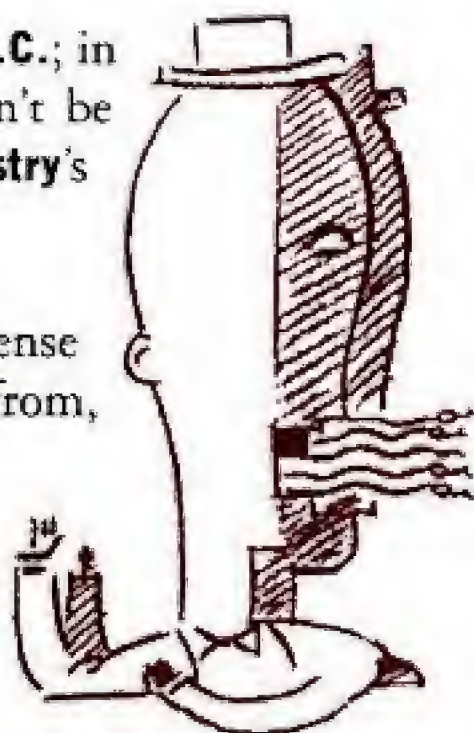
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THE WORLD
HAS A
THIRST
FOR
FREEDOM



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Contributors



Not only did **ERIC BURNS** get to chat with Robert Goulet for his article in this issue about campy, self-deprecating celebrities—he got to sit in Dr. Joyce Brothers's dining room! In 1988, a no less euphoric time, Burns won an Emmy for his work as a media commentator on Fox Television's Los Angeles evening newscast.



ALEX HEARD, who in this issue profiles a group of kooky scientists who claim they are able to create energy, says he enjoys reporting on subcultures and fringe groups because he likes "material that is funny in itself, that doesn't have to be made funny." Heard's work has appeared in such often unintentionally funny publications as *The New Republic*, *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times*.



The last time they wrote together for **SPY**, **CHARLOTTE ALLEN** and **CHARLOTTE HAYS**—Les Deux Charlottes, as we like to call them—exposed Congress's tawdry, sex-starved underbelly. This time they reveal the day-to-day struggles of Dan Quayle's handlers. Hays, the former gossip columnist for *The Washington Times*, is now with the *New York Daily News*. Allen has written for *Insight*, *The Wall Street Journal*, *The American Spectator* and *The Washington Monthly*.



Contributing editor **ANDY AARON**, our resident anagrammatist, has a whole side career as a writer-producer-director for film and television; four of his short films have been shown on *Saturday Night Live*. His name is two letters too long to be an anagram of *Ayn Rand*. ☺

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FOLEY'S

Great Expectations

DECEMBER'S INCONGRUITIES PILE UP ON ONE ANOTHER LIKE SO MANY GIFT CATALOGS from activewear merchants and Hickory Farms. Celebratory anniversaries (the birth of Christ) coexist with dis-

mayng ones (Pearl Harbor); no-brainer, clip-job year-end summations (*Rolling Stone's* double-issue "Yearbook") coexist with wildly creative prognostications (Jeane Dixon's expectations for Delta Burke in '92); demonstrations of faith (Christmas, Chanukah) coexist with rampant materialism (those catalogs again); a symbol of progress (a pot-smoking self-made black baby-boomer on the Supreme Court) coexists, Jekyll-and-Hyde-like, with a symbol of cynical depravity (a lying, Mau-Mauing black right-

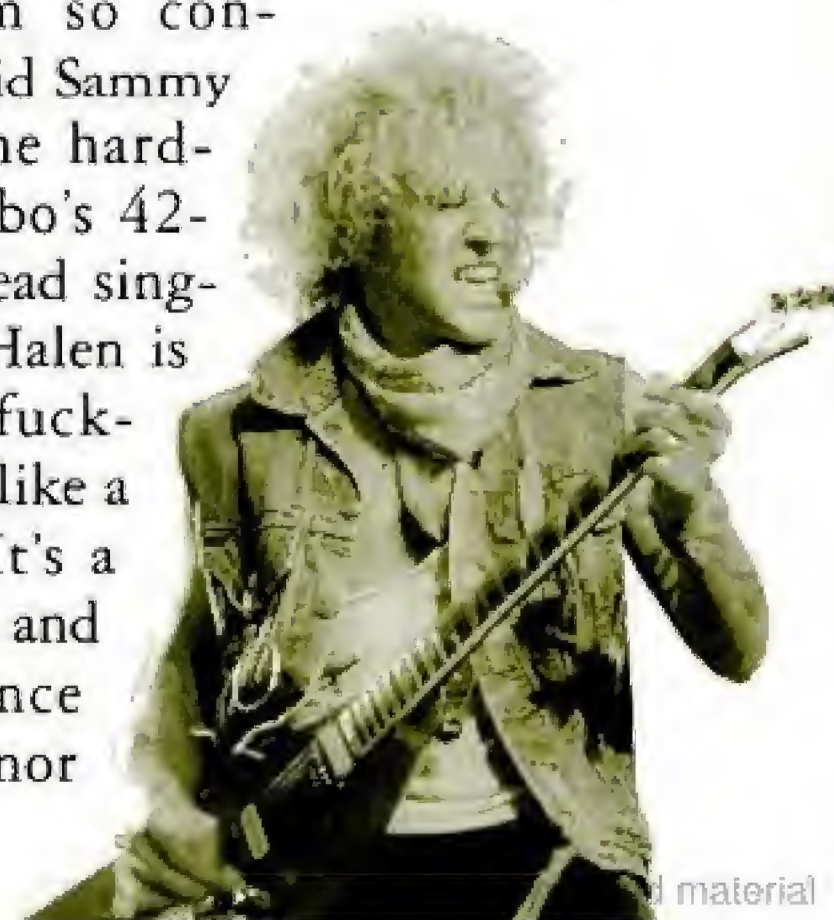


December's incongruities

winger nominated by Willie Horton Republicans and reprieved by cowardly southern Democrats). 🌲 Not that incongruity is necessarily a bad thing. Who doesn't get a kick out of seeing the television clip, aired repeatedly this time of year, of David Bowie and Bing Crosby dueting on "Peace on Earth"/"The Little Drummer Boy"? It's the kind of screwball pairing that only holiday goodwill could bring about: scrawny British androgyne sings "Peace on earth—can it be?" while rightist, child-abusing American crooner *bah-rum-pum-pum-pums* beside him. Had Perry Como enlisted Jimi Hendrix for one of *his* holiday specials, Como might still have a fan base beyond the Century Village–Wynmoor Village belt. Memo to Bob Hope: If you're willing, Van Halen is ready. "I don't give

a fuck what I do with this band, because I'm so confident," said Sammy Hagar, the hard-rock combo's 42-year-old lead singer. "Van Halen is the best fuck-

ing band in the world, and that is like a black man saying, 'I'm black.' It's a fact. It's not an ego trip." 🌲 Bowie and Der Bingle pulled it off, Clarence Thomas and Sandra Day O'Connor



and blow whistles at me. I just throw it off my back.
different story."—Vanna White, on Anita Hill's allegations

"People often say I am a sex symbol. And guys make passes at me
I don't think anything of it.... If someone raped me, that's a



Great Expectations

make a charming couple, but another pairing—George Bush, who is arrogant and white (it's a fact; it's not an ego trip), and Jean-Bertrand Aristide, who is humble and black—has not worked out so well. Bush, who not long ago thought nothing of starting a war to restore a family of feudalists to power, backed off from his demand that the democratically elected, militarily deposed Haitian president be unconditionally reinstated, on the grounds that human-rights violations had occurred under Aristide's reign. Had Aristide only known to make a beeline for a Cairo disco, rather than an Organization of American States meeting in Washington, our boys might be spending Christmas in Port-au-Prince.

Less than a year after Bush cheekily declared that the allies' saturation bombings had "put Saddam out of the nuclear-bomb-building business for a long time," a team of UN inspectors in Iraq discovered

that not only has Saddam *stayed* in the business, but he's considering expanding into new locations in, oh, Riyadh and Tel Aviv. In a report whose widgety polysyllables would have done the late Dr. Seuss proud, the inspectors discussed finding "neutron initiators, enriched uranium cores, reflectors, high explosive lenses and electronic firing sets." *Sidewinding sloo-ips that wizzle and glow/Scuds that send limbs flying hither and fro/Heat-seeking glozzles that go ka-blam/I do not like them, Saddam I am!*

No less Seussian is Jack Kemp's precampaign analysis of our nation's domestic ills. "The economic pie is shrinking," said the HUD secretary, widely regarded as the Bush administration's expert on domestic issues. "We become uncivilized when we

have a shrinking pie." If Kemp plays his cards right, he and his son Jeff, both of whom have been NFL quarterbacks, could land a deal as pitchers for Swanson's Hungry Man dinners: "We're the Kems, and we want a frozen turkey pot

pie that won't shrivel up when you microwave it. [Leaning forward, grimacing menacingly, knives and forks raised] *We become uncivilized when we have a shrinking pie.*"



But we know what Kemp means. Money's tight, and civilization on earth has deteriorated to the point where people have begun to seek out viable alternatives. Earlier this fall, four men and four women clad in dark-blue jumpsuits sealed themselves into a 3.15-acre, \$150-million greenhouse in Arizona called Biosphere 2, the ostensible

If the human
body is over
two thirds water,
why are we
always thirsty?

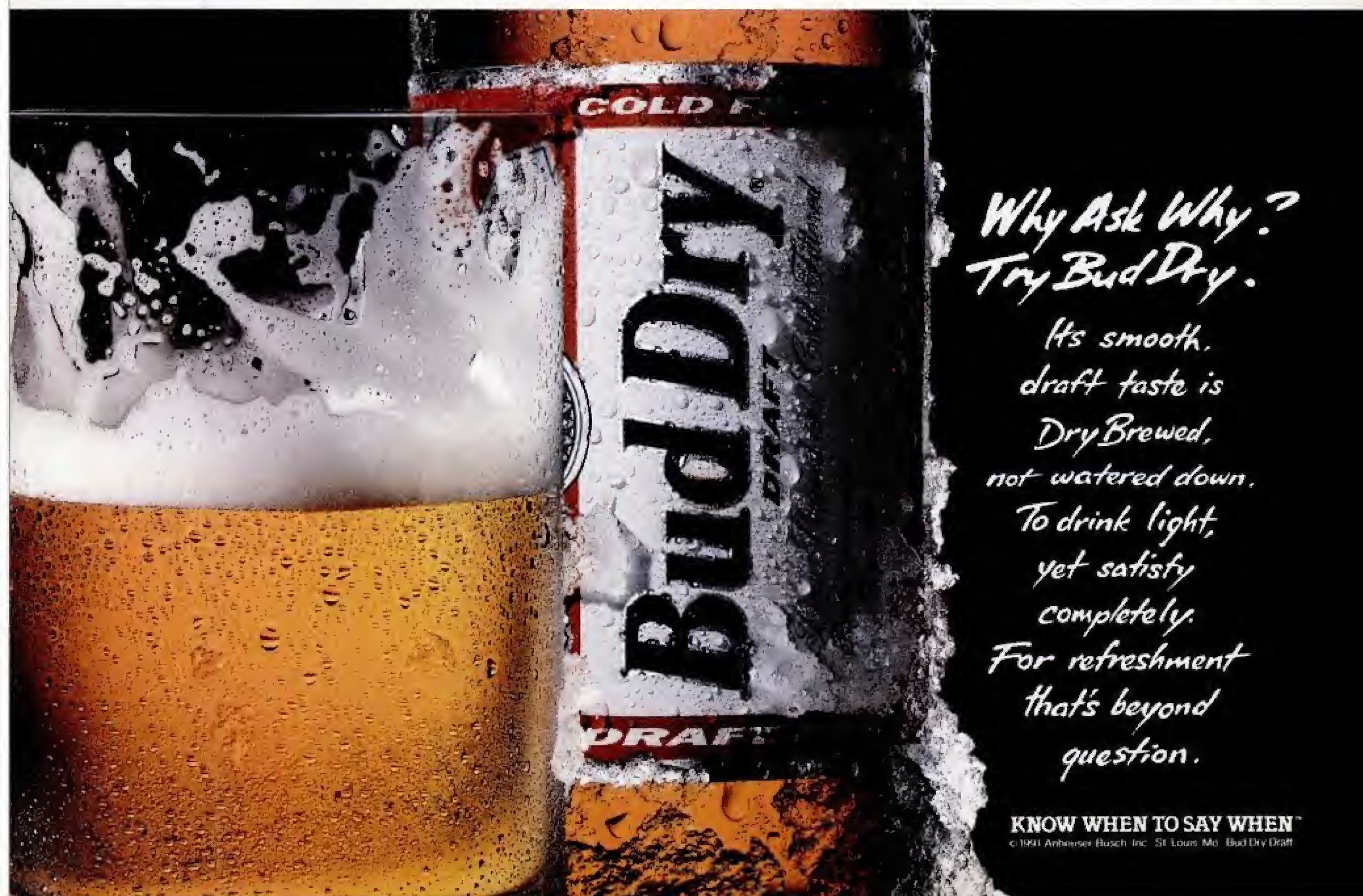
purpose being the creation of a self-reliant, ecologically harmonious miniworld. The scenario bears a passing resemblance to the plot of *Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan*, but to hear the Biosphereans describe their two-year mission, it will play out more like a New Age version of *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*. "This is not a monastery," said Roy Walford, a ready-to-swing 67-year-old gerontologist. Sally Silverstone, a 36-year-old sociologist, was more explicit: "We've got four men and four women, all single and healthy"—it's a fact; it's not an ego trip—"so I don't think you can discount the possibility of sexual encounters." (One wonders what Dr. Walford, as a gerontologist, would have to say about the cast of *Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country*, none of whom are in any condition to be working in the action-adventure genre, let alone having sex.)

Back on planet Earth—Biosphere 1—the outlook is considerably less giddy. According to a *New York*

Times/CBS News poll whose questions seem to have been worded by the president himself, 60 percent of all Americans think that "things" in the country have "pretty seriously gotten off on the wrong track." Yet the same poll places Bush's approval rating at an unfathomable 67 percent. This hasn't deterred Eugene McCarthy, who by 1996, with what will presumably be his sixth presidential run, will have entirely eradicated whatever smidgens of credibility he established as 1968's antiwar candidate. Surely Minnesotans must wonder why their state produces the major losers of presidential politics (McCarthy, Mondale, Humphrey, Stassen). McCarthy's announcement that he was tossing his hat in the ring for the fifth time received the kind of meager column inches normally reserved for kooks and novelty candidates (is Pigasus running again? Pat Paulsen?). Even Sonny Bono's senatorial campaign and Jerry Brown's presidential announcement got more play.

Another probable '96 candidate, California's Pete Wilson, has decreed that California employers may continue to practice discriminatory hiring policies against homosexuals. "The face of the Republican Party is wrapped up in family values," said one of Wilson's advisers, somehow evoking strange images of Nancy Reagan's head swathed in cheesecloth. "I told him he does not need all those problems."

Nor do the homosexuals of California need all *their* problems. If only the ghost of Bing Crosby could this Christmas visit the homes of California's gay-haters and teach each and every one of them the sort of open-mindedness he displayed toward David Bowie. We, meanwhile, wish you a joyous holiday season, and assure you we'll be in top form in the coming Olympic-World's Fair-Columbus-quincentennial-leap-election year. Presumptuous of us to say so? Nah—it's like Clarence Thomas saying, "I'm a black man." It's a fact; it's not an ego trip. ☺



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From the SPY Mailroom



From the SPY Faxroom is more like it. Recently people have been faxing us everything from Pee-wee Herman's probable-cause affidavit (from his Florida arrest) to David Halbfinger's résumé. Okay, we're being a little misleading. People have faxed us *only* Pee-wee Herman's probable-cause affidavit and David Halbfinger's résumé. But you have to admit that, incoming-fax-wise, the canvas is broad, albeit practically blank.

The Pee-wee document, which was filled out by a "Det. Walters," the arresting officer, was faxed by Tim Moore of Wichita. "Just in case you were wondering, evidently Pee-wee *is* left-handed," wrote Moore, after having studied the affidavit's arresting-officer-did-observe-the-perpetrator-style prose. We can add that Pee-wee is five foot eleven and weighs 135 pounds. The most interesting affidavit entries, though, are the time of the crime ("2025 HRS") and the time of the arrest ("2150 HRS"). That means that, um, 0125 HRS elapsed before the law-flouting Pee-wee was finally hauled in. Conclusion: Det. Walters stayed for the movie.

The Halbfinger résumé was faxed anonymously from *The Asbury Park Press*, where the boy wonder is an intern. The idea that people are faxing Halbfinger résumés all over the place is frankly depressing. Is there a black market for these things now? Anyway, there's nothing to be gleaned from the résumé in terms of height, weight or handedness, but we couldn't help noticing that Halbfinger chose not to mention his SPY notoriety among his many awards and honors. Are we hurt? You bet we are. We may have to retire him.

"How do you folks cope with the responsibility for all that ▶

Letters to SPY

Clay Court, Feel

Regarding No. 40, "The Meek Shall Inherit Gracie Mansion," on The SPY 100 [October], apparently Mayor Dinkins is meeker than you think. You had said that "the only aspect of David Dinkins that reflects confidence and authority is his backhand." In the September issue of *Tennis* magazine, Roger Cox reports on playing a set with the mayor, which Cox won, and says that Dinkins's "chronically late backhand...sometimes fails him." And *Tennis* instruction editor Dennis Van der Meer says the mayor is "decidedly less confident off his backhand."

Douglas Rothbart
Chicago, Illinois

We meant it relatively—relative to Dinkins off the court and, yes, relative to our backhand.

Credit to His Race

No, almost all of us *do not* hate David Duke ["Conduct Unbecoming a Racist," by Andrea Rider, September]. He is loved and respected by many Louisiana people, as has been proved over and over again, and he receives mail from all over the U.S. commending him for his courage.

David is speaking out for *all* hardworking Americans. He is not against any race. Someone has to speak for us. Your article is primarily based on the words of a man who has been taken out of society for attempted murder, and of course on the words of a stripper. Cheap journalism at its filthiest. The very worst part was to have included the names of David's lovely daughters on the same page with such trash.

Jesus Christ was constantly ridiculed and badgered for speaking the truth. Now, I am not comparing David to our Lord and Savior. The

terrible way David has been treated, though, reminds me that many times good and caring people have to endure a lot of pain.

Glenda Sharkey
Atlanta, Georgia

It was refreshing to read about an elected official who combines his sexual peccadilloes with Nazi ties, leadership of the KKK, international intrigue and basic lowbrow blackmail. So many of our Massachusetts elected officials are just regular perverts.

William D. Chapman
Marblehead, Massachusetts

Duke stands up for the working man who is sick of liberals dictating what is wrong with this country. SPY's attack just makes the movement stronger, and more Americans will come out and fight with him to take the country back from those on the left who want to turn it into a Third World nation. Duke is the future!

Joseph Palau
New York State Populist Party
Bronx, New York

I'm from Louisiana, and when people ask me how the devout there reckon their support for David Duke, I say they are Catholic with a capital K.

Claire Vignerie
New York

Your separate articles on David Duke and David Dinkins ["Tammany Hall: Dinkins, Kalikow, Love Letters, Real Estate—Did Someone Say *Deal?*," by Guy Hamilton] in the September issue inadvertently indicate that these two seemingly disparate politicians share more than just a first name. Both failed to file tax returns and have come up with excuses for such failures that are as imaginative as they are unbelievable. Both are covert womanizers who overtly pro-

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2. Place next to your head in the presence of family, friends and coworkers.
3. Act surprised on December 25th.

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Void where prohibited.)

fess a commitment to so-called family values. As youths, both were sincerely committed to their respective movements—Dinkins to civil rights and Duke to, well, civil wrongs. Later in life, they used their past links to these movements to disguise their lust for money and power from a cynically manipulated electorate.

David Kahn
New York

The Wrong Man

I repudiate the allegation in your September Tammany Hall column that I passed on to reporters "the Dinkins love letters." The facts are—facts which your magazine could have learned had anyone there been journalist enough to speak with me about the allegation—that I was aware of the letters and strongly rejected the idea of using them for campaign purposes. The liberal who delivered the letters to the reporter did so against my will. Several well-known liberals and sons of well-known liberals know that I was against using the letters

and did everything in my power to stop their use.

Your suggestion that I passed on the letters is irresponsible and factually incorrect in every significant respect.

Roger Ailes
New York

Bryn More

"Till Death—or Irreconcilable Differences—Do Us Part" [by Aimée Bell, September] featured one bride from my high school class; one from my college class, with her maid of honor from the same class; and one who was the cousin of our college president. Reading it was sort of like attending a mini-reunion through a one-way mirror. Please run a monthly department about other people I have known.

Marcia Ringel
Class of 1964, Columbia High
School, Maplewood, New Jersey
Class of 1968, Bryn Mawr
College
Ridgewood, New Jersey

Hollywood's Iraqi Connection

For the Arms-and-the-Superman Syndrome files: According to "Soon to Be a Major Restaurant" [by David Handelman, September], Planet Hollywood will light the luminaries with table lamps cast from investor Arnold Schwarzenegger's arm. Is designer Anton Furst subtly alluding to the Victory Arch in Baghdad, the huge and hideous monument to hubris made from casts of the forearms of Saddam Hussein (commemorating a victory over Iran that never occurred, by the way)—or do some aesthetic sensibilities transcend all political and cultural boundaries? The coincidence may provide the see-and-be-seen brigade food for thought while awaiting their cocktails.

Ellen Feehan
Coral Gables, Florida

Earsighted Awethorpperty

The usually smart and engaging Gary Giddins would like to apologize to the readers of SPY and Enter-

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—VARIETY

"SHARP, SASSY AND HUMOROUS."

—WASHINGTON POST

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tainment Weekly for suggesting that Julie London's timbre and phrasing intimate an ability to deconstruct *Finnegans Wake* by candlelight and in a shorty nightgown (as pointed out by the usually deft and dynamic Humphrey Greddon in September's Review of Reviewers column). I meant to say that London's coolly sensuous style is heightened by surprising wit and intelligence. The whole business about *Finnegans Wake*, candlelight and shorty nightgowns came about when I mistakenly pressed the CTRL, ALT and BKSP keys on my laptop simultaneously. (That's the trouble with Toshiba: you have to reread everything.) Rumor has it that London's initial response was, not surprisingly, a dismissive "dimb, damb, dumb," but that after changing into something more comfortable, she accepted it with shoutmost shoviality as a not inappropriate Eusebian concordant homilie. That's the rumor, anyway.

Gary Giddins
The Village Voice
New York

Mr. Mom

I thoroughly enjoyed your September cover, featuring Bruce Willis. My only problem with your incredibly realistic photograph is having to constantly explain to my five-year-old son that things are indeed as I have explained them—the *women* have the babies, not the men. What had been readily accepted as authoritative truth is now being questioned on a daily basis. Thank you for catapulting me into a position of stupidity (*Yeah, sure, Mom*) that I didn't expect to achieve until my children became teenagers.

Chartley Bondurant
Palm Harbor, Florida

Don't mention it. And here's some advice: don't show them the December issue of Cracked unless you want your credibility totally demolished.

Other Voices, Other Letters

I greatly enjoyed Henry Alford's piece on vocational exams ["You'll Never Groom Dogs in This Town

Again," September]. I too took Macy's required multiphasic-personality-assessment test. I was in a hurry, and I had time to complete only a third of it. Apologetically, I scrawled, "Sorry, gotta go," across the 25 or so remaining questions.

Four days later, they called me for an interview.

Kenneth Shelton
Investigator, Divisional Security
Macy's Northeast
New York

I was shocked, *shocked* to read the title, "Goodbye, Mr. CHiPs?," that you tagged on Foster Jack's September letter about Daryl Gates. Gates is the chief of the L.A. Police Department. The CHiPs, as loyal Erik Estrada fans like yourselves should know, are the California Highway Patrol. Let's not throw good cops after bad, shall we?

Michael Wolfe
Valencia, California

Right you are. Our problem is that we're always willing to stretch the truth for the sake of an Erik Estrada reference. ➔

"A short-lived satirical pulp." —TIME

COMPLETELY MAD
A History of the Comic Book and Magazine
by MARIA REIDELBACH

It's the magazine that wouldn't die! Ever since its monstrous birth from the publishing company led by maverick comic book tycoon William Gaines, MAD has been making some people... well, mad. Banned by parents, scorned by teachers, denounced from pulpits, and the target of innumerable lawsuits, MAD goes on, the most successful humor magazine in the world. At last, one gigantic book reveals MAD's entire history of insanity, controversy and unrelenting satire—with over 550 illustrations (more than 400 in color) including reproductions of every MAD cover since Issue #1... research into the mysterious origins of Alfred E. Neuman... brief bios of all the MADmen... and excerpts from classic MAD stories all the way back to "Ganefs!" and "Superduperman!"

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subliminal power you wield over your readers?" wonders Coleman Gregory of Paris. We'll have to get back to you on that, Mr. Gregory. In the meantime...just...relax...and remain...exactly...where...you are.

"Is a 'spit' the same as a 'poker'?" asks Cathleen O'Connell of Fort Lee, New Jersey. "If so, then I think Greg Raver-Lampman and Derek Nelson ['Has a Guy Named Colonel Mustard Ever Really Been in a Conservatory With a Lead Pipe?,' September] would be interested in the enclosed account of the murder of England's King Edward II. Instructed to leave no mark on his body, and having failed to starve him to death, his jailers 'thrust a red-hot spit into his bowels.' " That's just great. We're going out for some air.

We're back, and what do we find? News from Charlie Brenner of Denver regarding a recent double murder in Louisville, Colorado, involving a fireplace poker. That does it—this Christmas we're sticking with the electric Yule log.

"I think you owe it to readers to explain just how the September 1991 cover was done," writes Donald P. Elliott, D.D.S., from Lafayette Hill, Pennsylvania. "I can't wait for the explanation; Willis looks genuinely pregnant." All the way through dental school and he still doesn't know how these things happen. Dr. Elliott, why not get in touch with Chartley Bondurant (page 13)—she seems to have some experience explaining these matters.

All right, we're ready to think about Coleman Gregory's subliminal-power question from Paris. Apart from whatever we choose to spell out each month using the first letter in each paragraph in this column—surely you don't think "FTT HIWI AASM" happened by *accident*—there's nothing "subliminal" about the power we wield over our readers. It's really quite up-front. Look at our September issue, for example, and the Official Answer Sheet postcard for the SPY Aptitude Test ("You'll Never Groom Dogs in This Town Again," by Henry Alford). We invited readers to

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fill it out; they did. We asked them to use a No. 2 pencil; they pretty much did. We were half kidding; they weren't. At last count, 713 replies had arrived at our offices (29 of these entries were later disqualified for being, in our official tabulators' words, "wishy-washy or defaced"). The results follow.

A perfect score is 6, because there is no "right" answer to the seventh question ("Answer true or false: I would say that I am a sort of modern leprechaun"); it was for psychological-evaluation purposes only. As for what the scores mean: 5-6, qualified to repeat jokes found in SPY and pretend they are your own; 3-4, qualified to chortle loudly over SPY in public; 1-2, qualified to read SPY; 0, qualified to pay for SPY. Now, the correct answers—and we hope you all kept a copy of the answers you sent us—are (1)a, (2)b, (3)c, (4)d, (5)b, (6)a.

Statistics buffs will want to know that as a group, the test takers arranged themselves into a fairly close approximation of a bell curve (rather more fedora-shaped, actually). Ten people got none right—bravo; 34 got 1 right; 86 got 2; 125 got 3; 190 got 4; 188 got 5; and 60 got all 6 right. For the record, 327 would say they are sort of modern leprechauns, while 357 would not. Can anyone blame us for thinking so highly of our readers?

Most of our readers. Unfortunately, we get a lot of "How many subscribers do you have in, oh, San Francisco?" Don't we, David Wallace? And we get a lot of "How many subscribers do you have in, um, Rancho Cucamonga?" Don't we, Linda Mudry? That's when this starts to feel like a long car trip with a backseat full of five-year-olds. That's when we start to feel, after 49 Mailroom columns, like ending it all. Are we there yet? 🐾

CORRECTION

In September's "Conduct Unbecoming a Racist," we misstated New Orleans nightclub performer Chris Owens's involvement with David Duke. Owens has never introduced Duke at a political rally; in fact, she maintains that she has made contributions to the NAACP. 🐾

I enjoyed "I'm in a Sirloin State of Mind," [by Andy Aaron, August], but you left some tasty morsels out.

In France, those who speak bad French are said to "*parlent français comme une vache espagnole*" (this translates as speaking French like a Spanish cow); in Spain, a similarly afflicted would-be Spanish speaker is said to "*habla español como una vaca francesa*." And in most parts of the South they talk about those horrible Texas fire ants; in Texas, they're called Mexican fire ants; and in northern Mexico, as far as I know, there are no fire ants—it's too dry.

Daniel Littman

San Francisco, California

I was happy to read in your June issue that you want to turn over the United States to the Walt Disney Company ["When Disney Ran America," by Jamie Malanowski]. I was also interested in reading, in your September issue [Letters to SPY], that a reader believed the suggestion was first made by another writer a few years ago.

Actually, I guess I should file a claim as well: 20 years ago, when I was editor of *Architectural Forum*, I devoted most of an issue to Walt Disney World, and said it was the most interesting "new town" built in the U.S. since World War II. I also suggested the Disney Company be put in charge of city planning and urban design in the Western World. At about the same time, I did a story in *New York* magazine suggesting that the city should close down its City Planning Commission and turn it over to the Disney Company.

No city planner has talked to me since, which I consider a considerable blessing.

Peter Blake

Washington, D.C.

I suggest that my humorous joke:

(1) Pair in love drop in restaurant. They sit down and begin to utmost extent kiss. Waiter come up to them and say, "Please pardon me for taking you away from your work but hotel is floor above and eating

here."

(2) Schoolboy speak to the friend: "I know now, what this is unclouded time childhood. It is when you cannot read and do not realize inscription in lift and in wall."

(3) The neighbor speak other neighbor:

"I think, your sheepdog is not dog. It is tame wolf."

"Why do you tell me this?"

"Every evening I hear terrible howl from your house at ten o'clock."

"You are mistaken. Wife have vocal lesson at ten o'clock."

Sergey Kolesov

St. Petersburg, USSR

Thought you might be interested in the following comparison:

Star Trek, "The Ultimate Computer" episode, written by D. C. Fontana, first broadcast March 8, 1968: Richard Daystrom, a black male computer genius, creates a computer that takes over military functions of the *Enterprise*. The computer goes out of control, attacking other Federation ships. Daystrom has a nervous breakdown in the fight to stop his own creation.

Terminator 2: Judgment Day, written by James Cameron and William Wisher, released July 1991: Miles Dyson, a black male computer genius, creates a computer that takes over military functions of the Earth. The computer goes out of control, initiating a nuclear holocaust. Dyson dies in the fight to stop his own creation.

Name withheld

Santa Monica, California

An anagram:

TOM HARKIN

OK, MR.—HAT IN!

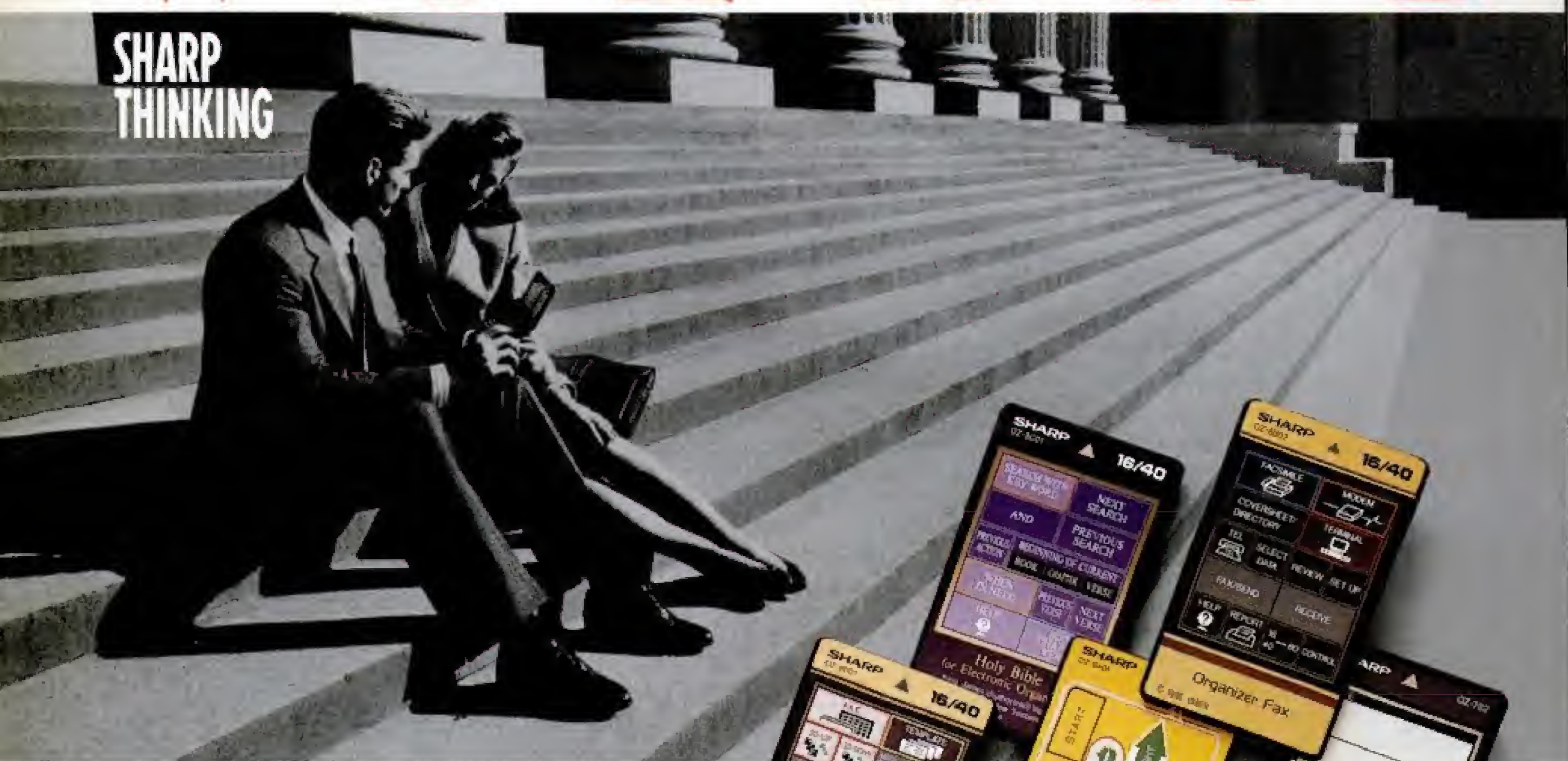
Phil Frankenfeld

Chicago, Illinois

SPY welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to SPY, The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003. Typewritten letters are preferred. Please include your daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for length or clarity. 🐾

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Dave vs. Jay: Battle of the Network Stars

One Thursday in October, a sniffing Johnny Carson opened his monologue to *The Tonight Show's 29th Anniversary Show* with the quip "Between my cold and Leno's motorcycle, Letterman may get this job yet." Alas, Carnac the Magnificent was off his form in predicting the future of David Letterman. Regardless of what happens to Jay Leno, Letterman will not be moving to *The Tonight Show*; where he's moving to is ABC.

Sources close to the star say the secret deal has already been signed. Starting next fall, Letterman's show will be produced in Los Angeles. It will follow *Nightline* in the slot vacated by the pathetic *Into the Night*, which ABC happened to cancel (and, significantly, declined to replace with any new show) the same day Johnny made his Letterman joke. This means Letterman's show would begin at midnight, a crucial half-hour earlier than when it starts now, and that he would compete with his old friend Leno from midnight to 12:30. There are problems that could hinder Letterman's catching the last train for the Coast, however: his contract may run through 1992, and it supposedly contains a one-year noncompete clause.

If NBC does lose Letterman, Warren Littlefield, the president of NBC Entertainment, will have to take the blame. After Brandon Tartikoff fled NBC for Paramount last July, Littlefield inherited a troubled prime-time lineup and a headache: *who would succeed Johnny?* Littlefield was eager to show his independence from Tartikoff, his longtime overlord and Letterman's protector at the network, and flexing his muscles in Letterman's direction must have struck Littlefield as a good way to prove himself, especially since Letterman's career choices seemed fairly limited. Letterman's manic acerbity would never work on a sitcom, and a successful move into films was a long shot at best—indeed, nothing has ever come of the development deal he has with Disney.

So Littlefield, sensibly, backed Leno. But he also treated Letterman

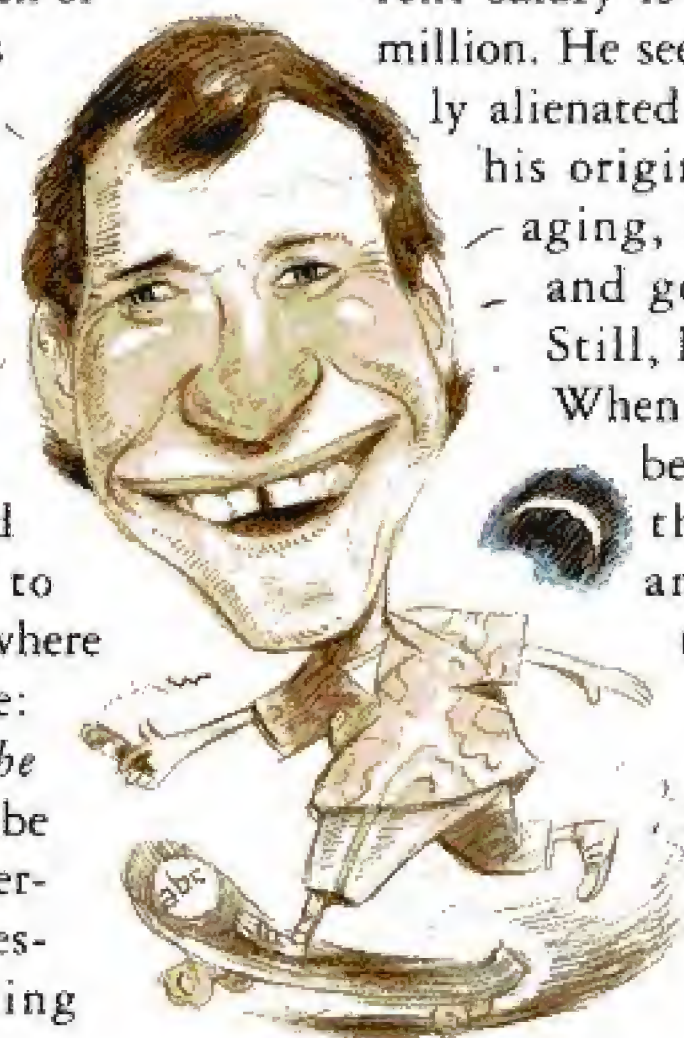
shabbily when the succession question was being decided. Instead of following Hollywood custom and flying to New York to mollify his disappointed star a week or so before the story was in the papers, he showed up that very day. In the ensuing extremely heavy press coverage, Letterman looked like a sore loser. Thus, Littlefield had deftly managed to create two problems where he had had only one: not only was *The Tonight Show* going to be in transition, but Letterman had been unnecessarily angered, putting the other NBC late-night show at risk. ABC and CBS started to call on Letterman's manager, knowing that although Letterman might not be suited for a sitcom or the movies, there was one job he was just right for: late-night talk-show host.

What really upset Letterman, perhaps even more than the choice of Leno for *The Tonight Show* and the way NBC handled it, was the deal the network made with The Arts & Entertainment Network last fall to

rerun episodes of *Late Night*. Letterman was never consulted. It was a cash deal for NBC, yet Letterman received a paltry amount of the money, and the reruns meant more work for his staff. That same busy Thursday when Carson was making cracks about Dave and ABC canceled *Into the Night*, some executives from GE, NBC's corporate parent, visited Letterman to try to make up with him; part of that effort was an offer of 40 percent of the A&E revenue.

Letterman has his problems. He is expensive, for example—his current salary is an astonishing \$7-million. He seems to have hopelessly alienated female viewers, and his original core audience is aging, laying off the doob and going to bed earlier. Still, he could help ABC. When Arsenio Hall's show became such a success, the networks were amazed to discover that the total number of people watching late-night television was twice what they'd thought possible. Letterman would give ABC a good chance to finally get in on this action.

Littlefield has changed his ways. He has suddenly become extraordinarily attentive to Letterman and was hanging around Dave's office even as we went to press. If Littlefield persuades Letterman to stay, though, he will still have his prime-time gambles like *I'll Fly Away* to worry about. As of now, the smart money at CAA says he won't last a year. —Laureen Hobbs



Dave

No, Letterman will not be moving to *The Tonight Show*; where he's moving to is ABC



Perfect for an E&J and soda.



A Don Simpson You Can Hug, a Jeff Katzenberg Who Cares

It has taken the denizens of Hollywood a couple more years than most of us to realize that the 1980s are over, but now the phenoms of that go-go era—the Don Simpsons and Jerry Bruckheimers, the Jeffrey Katzenbergs, the Dawn Steels—are frenetically retrofitting themselves to seem more nineties. Sometimes the changes are cosmetic (Don's softer, cashmerier new wardrobe, Jerry's mingling at the Benefit for Walden Woods concert in New York); sometimes they're quasi-philosophical (Katzenberg's pretending to have an interest in other people's lives); and sometimes the changes involve job description (Mike Ovitz's evolution from mere flesh peddler to investment banker—marketing guru). It's only a matter of time before Joel (Hudson Hawk) Silver, who is once again noisily pledging to produce smaller, budget-minded films, oversees a Capra-esque movie in which the minister of a bankrupt New Hampshire parish (Bruce Willis) does battle with a German developer (Rutger Hauer) over the fate of the parish's 1760-vintage clapboard church—and blows it up.

All Sony Pictures chairman Peter Guber had to do, New Sincerity-wise, was go along with the sacking of his best pal and ultra-eighties id, Jon Peters. But Guber's overpublicized purge of Columbia Pictures president Frank Price looks to have had a decidedly un-nineties motive. Even though Sony-Columbia is more loaded down with upper-level executives than any other studio ever, Price had been the only one there who might have plausibly succeeded Guber, the only Columbia officer who could have commanded the requisite respect in Tokyo and on Wall Street as well as in Hollywood. With Price gone, Guber knows he is now that much harder for Sony to fire.

If Guber eventually does get canned, he might give Disney a call: just as the studio resuscitated faded 1970s performers into \$5-million-a-picture stars during the '80s, Disney is now rehabilitating—or at least sus-

taining—the careers of faded '80s executives in the '90s. The most notable examples are Steel (Guber's difficult predecessor at the helm of Columbia) and Simpson and Bruckheimer.

Steel, clearly reveling in her own nineties-ness, has been bandying about the word *karma* more than George Harrison did in the Beatles' *Revolver* period, even slipping it meaninglessly into her comments to Peter Boyer in his recent *Vanity Fair* profile of Jeffrey Katzenberg. Steel's embrace of spirituality may be good timing—her production deal at Disney is said to be in trouble. Writers and producers find it ad-dling enough to go through the traditional Disney rigmarole of abuse and micro-management, and are none too eager to deal with the addi-

tional level of execu-vetting required when a Disney production is also a Dawn Steel production. Strangely, the apparently imperiled state of her arrangement doesn't seem to trouble Steel. Her huge payout upon leaving Columbia (the new Hollywood dream: getting rich by getting canned by Sony!) seems

to have blunted her hunger. Zen detachment is much easier to affect when you're rich.

For Simpson and Bruckheimer, making a production deal with the bean counters at Disney was the shrewdest way of pitching themselves as reformed, postprofligate, no-longer-eighties guys. Bruckheimer has been talking earnestly about his new commitment to subtle, issue-oriented character-study films—like his and Don's story of a sensitive special agent who rebels against the sleaze and racism of the FBI. To Simpson's credit, he is about the only person on the Disney lot (other than chairman Michael Eisner)

who doesn't just keep mum in the presence of the cheerless, megalomaniacal Katzenberg. (Conversely, Simpson is unusually well behaved around Eisner.) But overall, Simpson remains the same dark-hearted dude he has always been, still favoring disposable bimbo girlfriends, still making friends everywhere he goes: at a *Vanity Fair* party hosted this fall by VF's L.A. consul (and Ray's daughter) Wendy Stark, Simpson spent considerable time bad-mouthing



Don and Sparky

A Disney deal was a shrewd way of looking like postprofligate, no-longer-1980s guys

many of those assembled.

But then, Hollywood will never really be kind or gentle. Industry insiders have begun to wager on which new gangster movie featuring an aging CAA star from the late 1960s will be the bigger bomb—Disney's \$60 million Dustin Hoffman vehicle, *Billy Bathgate*, or Tri-

Star's \$40 million Warren Beatty vehicle, *Bugsy*. *Bugsy* director Barry Levinson has been telling friends that the film was the most unpleasant moviemaking experience of his career. But the (wishful) negative betting in town is on *Bathgate*. Ovitz was sufficiently concerned that he hounded skeptical film-beat reporters, phoning them at home (even on weekends!) in an effort to save face for his client Hoffman. (It hasn't been an easy season for Hoffman; advance word on *Hook*, the Peter Pan adventure in which he stars, is not altogether positive; both Hoffman and director Stephen Spielberg are distancing themselves from the project, Spielberg claiming that Hoffman essentially directed some scenes.)

With *Bathgate*-gate, Katzenberg's nineties make-over—I'm a different man, he actually begs people to believe, *I'm not a control freak; I respect filmmakers' visions*—may be about to seriously come a cropper. After so many years of always being right, of being a disingenuous prick, he simply lacks the social skills to convincingly or effectively communicate his newfound pluralism. He goes through the motions—as with last summer's ostensibly kinder, gentler dinner meetings with the staffs of all the big agencies—but then does more harm than good, lecturing and lambasting instead of shutting up and listening.

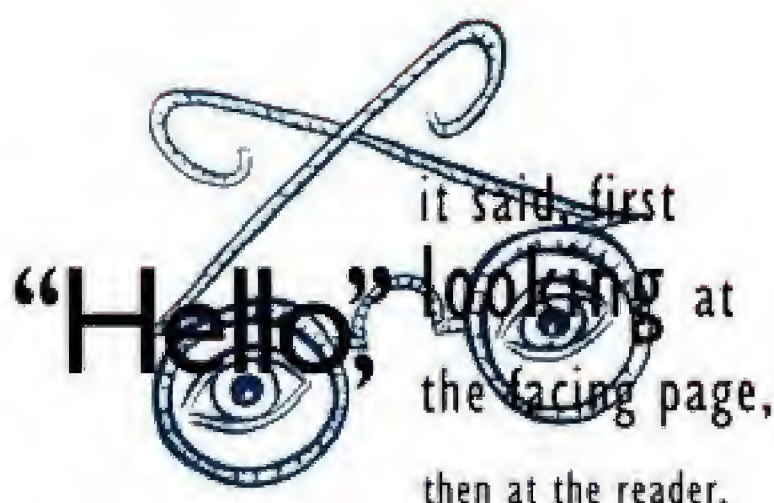
If *Bathgate* fares poorly, and if Christmas turns out to be a bust—Disney is counting heavily on its remake of *Father of the Bride*, starring Steve Martin and Diane "Box Office Poison" Keaton—Katzenberg will actively be looking for work elsewhere in early 1992. Which would be bad timing for poor Sparky: there are fewer seats in the studio musical-chairs game these days, and there are no suitable megaboss jobs readily available.

In these humbling times, even Monday night at Mortons has become a bit uncool, a bit too eighties. See you Monday night at... home with the family?—*Celia Brady*

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swept



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lenny kravitz



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"Look, Ma, No Principles!": From Harvard Law School to Smearing Anita Hill

We all know about the interest groups, well-shod lobbyists and slick-lawyers-of-the-worst-kind who devoted vast resources to the smear campaign against Clarence Thomas. (Of course, newspaper accounts suggest that the conspiracy involved only two Senate staff members who first interviewed Anita Hill and perhaps two law professors who offered her help; *this is exactly what the schemers would want us to believe.*) What has not received attention, however, is the group that came together at the last minute to contend against these powerful forces—a courageous and energetic but ragtag band of lawyers in their twenties from the White House and the Justice Department. Despite their degrees from Harvard and Stanford and Yale, these young attorneys usually spend their days in drudgery in tiny offices, utterly ignored by their superiors, but when their moment came, they were ready. This is their story:

On October 7, 1991, a young female law professor, Anita Hill, holds a press conference accusing a Supreme Court nominee, Clarence Thomas, of sexual harassment. Later that day, President George Bush meets with C. Boyden Gray, the White House counsel, who in name, wariness and appearance bears an amazing resemblance to Ichabod Crane. Gray brings along Michael Luttig, a 37-year-old Justice Department attorney who has been confirmed but not yet sworn in as a judge on the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit. As Andrew Rosenthal later reports in *The New York Times*, Bush, Gray and Luttig decide on a direct, personal attack on Hill. To dig into Hill's past, Gray posts young lawyers from his staff in the West Wing of the White House, and Luttig sets up some coltish aides near his fifth-floor office at the Justice Department.

The top priority is witnesses. The youngsters at Justice comb the University of Oklahoma directory and the Norman, Oklahoma, telephone book. "Our goal was a statement on

paper from her colleagues or bosses or friends saying she was psycho or ball-busting or incompetent," one 28-year-old will tell SPY. "Then [Republican senators Arlen] Specter or [Alan] Simpson could whip these things out—Perry Mason statement things—on national television." Unfortunately, with Hill's testimony approaching, no one can be found to say anything bad about her. Well, that's not entirely true—the Thomas team does find one person. His name is John Doggett III. (After Doggett has given his hilariously egomaniacal and embarrassing testimony, a Republican Senate staff member will blame "those little White House turds." Or as a Luttig underling will put it, "[Hill] was clean. Gray's guys jump in and say, 'Okay, Thomas has...this friend.' Blame Doggett on them.")

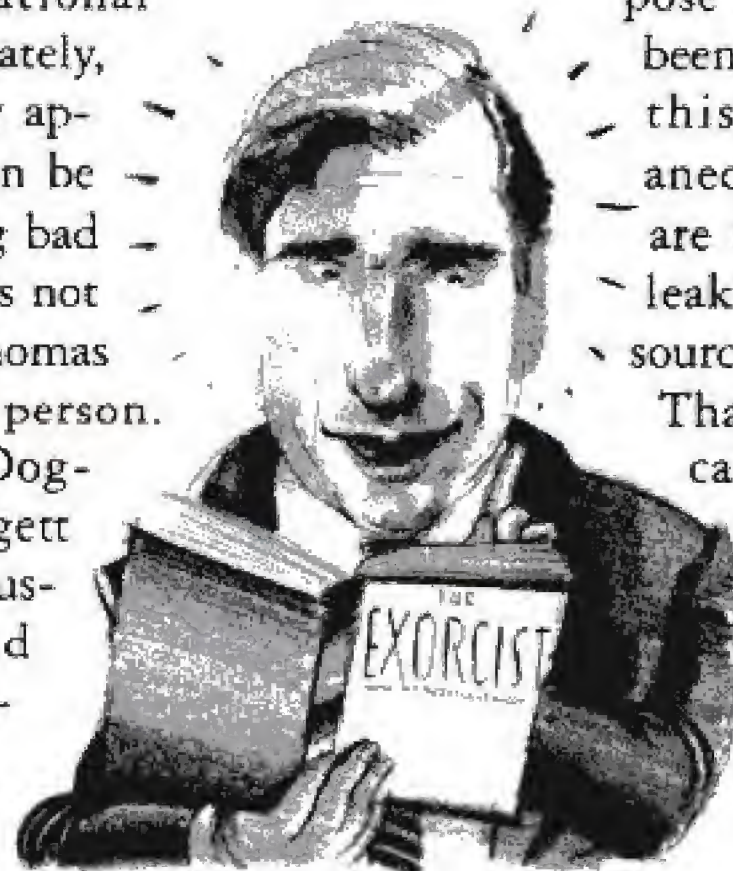
The Friday evening after Hill testifies provides the happiest moment of the young lawyers' lives. A few members of the anti-Hill squad at Justice have joined their White House counterparts in the West Wing. They are all squeezed into an

office when the president stops in. He thanks them for their effort and tells them that teamwork is essential. His faith in Thomas is absolute, he says, and he tells them why: After he learned of Hill's charges, he and Thomas climbed up a winding path together. (*Where?*, the aides wonder, since there are no hills on the White House grounds.) They left the security men behind them. Thomas looked Bush in the eye and told him, "It's all a lie." "That's all I need to know," Bush says he replied. "We'll bring out the guns." Then Bush chuckles, bobs his head and is off. Everyone knows what has just happened. The sole purpose of Bush's visit has

been to set up a leak of this ideally leakable anecdote. The lawyers are thrilled—their first leak, and from what a source!

That night, fueled by carryout pesto pasta, shiitake tarts and Evian, the kids hit the computer databases. Their object is to discredit Hill's testimony by showing she has made it up or plagiarized it from existing sexual-harassment cases. An aide preserves a

printout of the initial Lexis search as a historical artifact; (SEXUAL HARASSMENT) AND (LONG PRE/2 DONG AND SILVER) OR (LONG AND DONG) OR (DONG AND DONG AND DONG), it reads. The youths also search mass-market novels for sex scenes. (The belief among the young hit people is that this is a pointer from Bush—



C. Boyden

"Our goal was a statement from her friends saying Hill was psycho or ball-busting"

a White House aide tells a Justice aide that when Bush was director of the CIA, he consulted "readers" who skimmed popular foreign novels for stories influential people might have appropriated as their own.) The Hill-brigade reading list includes a slew of bodice rippers, Stephen King, *9½ Weeks*, *Clan of the Cave Bear*. Finding the pubic hair in *The Exorcist* is a triumph, although the White House portrays it as a coincidence. Looking back, one Justice aide will recall, "We watched [Hill] here in the office and liked her. Simpson was so slimy, we wanted to crawl under a desk. My mother phoned and said, 'Well, something happened; shouldn't you find out what?' But the president dictated our position as one of blanket denial. You can't worry about nuance when the objective is winning your client's case."

Thomas terrorizes Democratic senators all day Saturday, and spirits rise. That evening at Justice, older officials drift home to shower and sleep, but their exuberant legions can't bear to leave. Someone finds a banana-colored, glow-in-the-dark Nerf football. The lawyers wash up in the men's room, take off their shoes and slide up and down the corridors of Justice, playing touch football in their socks.

Sunday brings the panels of pro-Hill and pro-Thomas witnesses. The kids agree that ultimately, neither side has presented a smoking gun. When they learn that Hill will not testify again (contrary to what the papers will report, this is at Biden's insistence), the future FCC lawyers and minority counsels to House subcommittees celebrate with Rolling Rocks. One of their number will be philosophical as he describes his experience.

"Look, I'm not going to find role models today in Washington," he will say when the hearings are over. "But right now winning is the thing. We won again. When I'm older and have my own staff, I can worry about what's worth winning."

—Lynda Edwards

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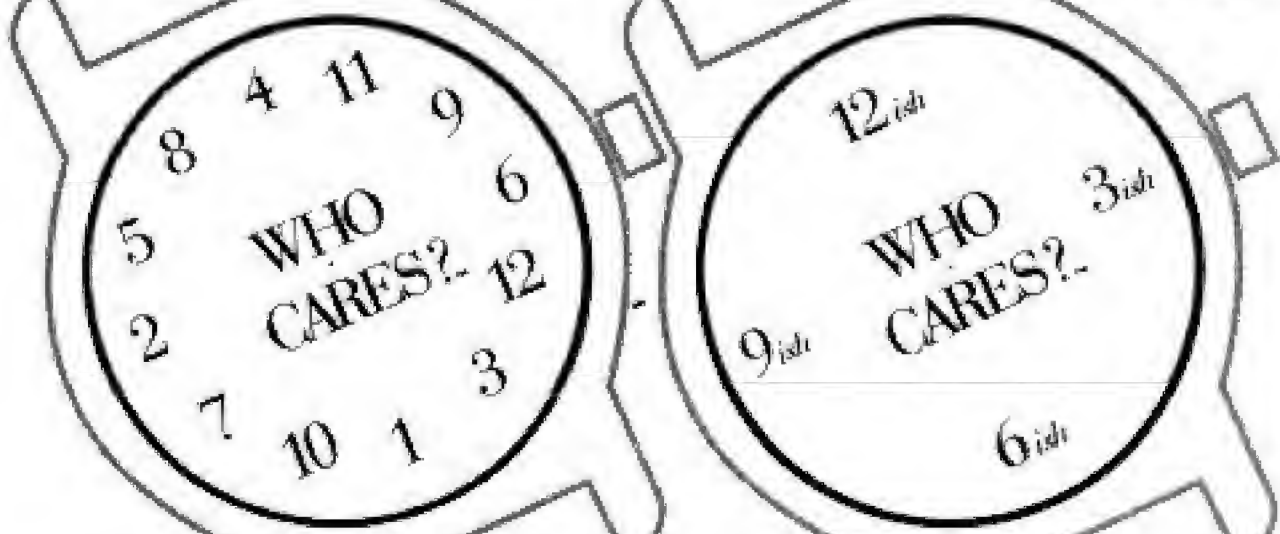
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Naked City

The Usual Suspects

1

In her upcoming film *Sister Act*, **Whoopi Goldberg** plays a singing nun, but she didn't exactly spend her first day on the set cheerfully strumming "Dominique." Instead, she disrupted shooting by ranting that she smelled funny and her nipples hurt. She had no explanation for the first problem, but as for the second, she screamed repeatedly that she had just had breast-reduction surgery and her nipples hadn't been put back on correctly. When a sympathetic cast member asked Goldberg who her doctor had been, an executive on the project interjected a typical bit of unfunny-movie-executive-overseeing-a-comedy humor, blurting out, "Benihana!"

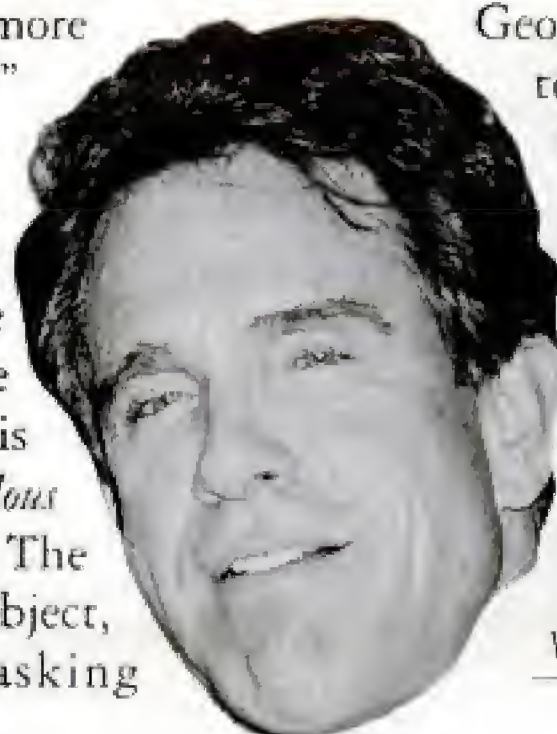


2

Was anyone fooled by **Teddy Kennedy's** high-road stance against sexual harassment in the **Clarence Thomas—Anita Hill** hearings, or by his booze-and-broads apostasy afterward? Certainly not the thousands, perhaps millions, of women who've had to endure Kennedy's ham-fisted come-ons. Before the latest Kennedy spectacle, one clearly very happily married victim was treated to what must be one of the senator's more common gambits: "Do you like to sail?" the senator said, mentioning his boat and leering just enough to imply that fishing wasn't what he had in mind. After the woman demurred, Kennedy tried a strange sympathy ploy, suddenly mentioning "the president's boat"—a grotesque reference to his late brother **Jack's** vessel. "My boat is *jealous* of the president's boat," Kennedy said. The woman, thinking it best to change the subject, began discussing politics, jocularly asking



George



Warren

Kennedy why his presidential ambitions were lying dormant. Kennedy assumed the mopey face of a small child. "Because nobody likes me," he said in a baby voice, and he proceeded to stick his thumb in his mouth.

3

A photo shoot with a major movie star isn't very different from a session at the local Sears portrait kiosk with a difficult two-year-old: endless coddling and cajoling are required to make the subject tractable. So it was when **Herb Ritts** photographed **Warren Beatty** for last month's *Vanity Fair* cover story. At one of the shoots, things weren't going well; Beatty seemed to be in a relentless sulk. Making funny faces at him didn't help. Finally a member of the photographer's entourage agreed to remove her shirt and show Beatty her breasts. At last, the star smiled. The pictures came out great.

4

At a recent sports benefit, **George Bush** and son-of-a-Nazi **Arnold Schwarzenegger** were teamed up to play indoor volleyball, and George, ever the frat boy, kept referring to Arnold as Terminator. "Come on, Terminator," he would say. "You can do it, Terminator.... Nice try, Terminator." Despite the encouragement, Arnold played poorly. He spent more time ducking, bobbing and cringing than forcefully propelling the ball. As the defeated pair left the court, Bush mumbled to the victors, "Terminator's kind of a *pussy*, isn't he?"



Born Again, Forever Dead

The most profane city in the world can occasionally play host to the sacred: one week this fall, 250,000 people flocked to see the Reverend Billy Graham Crusade in Central Park and 170,000 attended nine Grateful Dead concerts at Madison Square Garden. We wondered how the spiritual lives of these two feverishly devoted groups of worshipers compared.

—Daniel Radosh

What is the nature of God?

Lewis, Grahamite: "God is a spirit, and we're told we've got to worship Him in spirit and in truth."

Fred, Deadhead: "God is, I guess, religion's top figure."

Have you ever had a revelatory experience?

Karen, Grahamite: "Sometimes, reading the Bible every now and then, something will strike me as new or will be revealed to me although I've read the same passage many times."

Pete, Deadhead: "I was watching the water go by and sitting with my friends, and it was like a big connection sort of thing, and everything just came together, and I was, like, 'Wow, you know?'"

Shannon, Grahamite: "I came to a point in my life when I realized I couldn't make it on my own, and there was no way for me to get to Heaven, and [that] I was a sinner. I turned to the Bible and asked God into my heart."

Bob, Deadhead: "I got really bombed one night, and a cop drove me home instead of arresting me. I

think that was an act of God."

What is the highest goal to which people can aspire?

Ernest, Grahamite: "To love your fellow neighbor as yourself."

Pete, Deadhead: "Loving yourself as you love others."

Is any passage from the Bible/a Dead song particularly meaningful to you?

Drew, Grahamite: "'He has given us authority to trample over scorpions and snakes and principalities and powers, and nothing by any means shall harm us.'"

Marion, Deadhead: "'Ashes, ashes, all fall down.'"

Private Lives of Public Figures

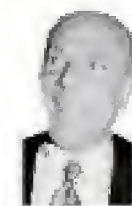


William Kennedy Smith and Mike Tyson discuss their plans for the evening.

Illustration by Drew Friedman

The Fine Print

by Jamie Malanowski



Subtle Like the Willie Horton Campaign, Fellini-esque Like *Married...With Children*

For those who don't spend much time perusing the TV pages, *Roc* is a new situation comedy on the Fox network. Though we've never seen it—and by that we mean no criticism; we never saw any complete episodes of *The Love Boat* either, and there's actually a 37-year-old working here who has never seen *The Godfather*—we are in possession of an interesting internal memo about the series. Sometime last summer, Fox Broadcasting

Company chairman Barry Diller sat down with some subordinates to brainstorm about the promotion campaign for the show. Here is a summary of that meeting, entitled "The Basic Slant." The curious punctuation has been left intact.

"ROC—let the series be what it is: DON'T OVER-BLOW OR OVER-SELL

"Three words kept popping-up: WARM FUNNY HONEST

"Diller liked the idea of single words introducing a piece of business:

"'Frustration' (Now baby? ▶

No, baby. Tired baby?...

"'Dreams' (bit about a 'semi-detached' house)

"'Basketball' (Larry Bird was black)

"BUT he's afraid it might come off as dull... that it won't sell tickets. Is the concept decent, but dull?

"The thing he likes about ROC is that it's a show 'with perfect balance' [and] that the funniness, the warmth and the honest exist in equal amounts. He (Diller) tossed off the following:

"'Warm. Funny. Honest. It's the perfect TV series.'

"Of course he immediately said that there would have to be a better way to say the second half of the above as it was too much of a bromide.

"We definitely do not want to do a LOFTY sell. This is NOT the best television series in the world, it's a good, funny, well-produced series—NOT the second coming of television.

"He likened a campaign not unlike the original Infiniti car campaign. That was so quiet it completely WENT UNDER all the other car campaigns.... It was 'loud in its subtlety' is there a way to come up with a soft but effective campaign.

"Peter raised the question if there was a way to get a quiet message across by being loud: if we set up this second-

We're in the Nineties Now

Maligned Group	New, Politically Correct Name
Angry persons	People of choler
Priests	People of collar
Square-dance deejays	People of caller
Sorting assistants, collators	People of culler
Doughnut glazers	People of cruller
Great Bear repairpersons	People of cooler
Denverites	People of Colorado
Vegetarians	People of cauliflower
<i>The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter</i> fans	People of McCullers



—Duff Twysden

Logrolling in Our Time

"An exciting and haunting book. Writing as a Jew who has chosen assimilation, Anne Roiphe asks questions no one has put so forthrightly: Are we still Jews? Dare we not be?"

—Sara Davidson on Anne Roiphe's *Generation Without Memory*

"A perfect 1980's love story—a sensual sexual adventure about redemption."

—Roiphe on Davidson's *Friends of the Opposite Sex*

"This book should not be read—it should be memorized. Following Townsend's rules can revolutionize management practices."

—Tom Peters on Robert Townsend's *Further Up the Organization*

"A real winner! Not only should every business executive study it, but all the business schools can use [it] as their final-year textbook."

—Townsend on Peters's *Thriving on Chaos*

"This is a rare documentary—wise, witty, and wonderfully wicked."

—Sonia Johnson on Mary Daly's *The Church and the Second Sex*

"Outrageous, courageous, visionary, witty and wise."

—Daly on Johnson's *Going Out of Our Minds* —Howard Kaplan

Then, on Page 228, He Writes About Generalissimo Jackie Vernon...

From Thomas Reeves's best-selling biography of John F. Kennedy, *A Question of Character*, page 219:

CIA ... contained a train publicly for a police action against Cuba similar to that taken by the United Nations in Korea.¹⁰ Less than a week later, President José Jimenez of Cuba declared that the election of Kennedy was unlikely to alter Washington's hostility toward the Castro regime. He also said that his government continued to worry that the United States might feel compelled to demonstrate its "big power" status by sending in the Marines.¹¹ On November 23 Jack flew to Washington to spend Thanksgiving Day with his wife and daughter at their Georgetown home, Jackie was planning a delivery by seaplane section at G...

The president of Cuba at the time was actually Osvaldo Dorticos Torrado. José Jimenez was the charmingly confused character created by comedian Bill Dana. "[The name José Jimenez] is something I would recognize if I saw," the charmingly confused Reeves said when SPY called him, "but whether I wrote it and didn't realize it, I don't know."

—Daniel Radosh

December Datebook

2 Chanukah begins. WABC's *Eyewitness News* broadcasts gratuitous footage of earlocked Crown Heights children playing dreidel while a reporter intones, "...but beneath the veneer of serenity simmers a community still spinning from last summer's unrest. Rolanda?"

5 The Met unveils its "Neapolitan Baroque crèche display"—that's *Nativity scene* to normal people—in the museum's Medieval Sculpture Hall. Like suburbanites today, families in eighteenth-century Naples "vied to outdo each other in presenting elaborate displays," says the press release. Competitive basement-into-rec-room



converting, though, didn't begin until after the fall of Garibaldi.

12 A sing-along of tunes from the 1920s, '30s and '40s is held at Book-Friends Café,



the wood-planked café-bookstore on 18th Street. Further evidence, along with city-supervised recycling and bad baseball, that New York is inching that much closer to becoming Seattle.

18 The Hayden Planetarium pauses from its schedule of Pink Floyd-themed laser shows

Enchanting and Alarming Events Upcoming

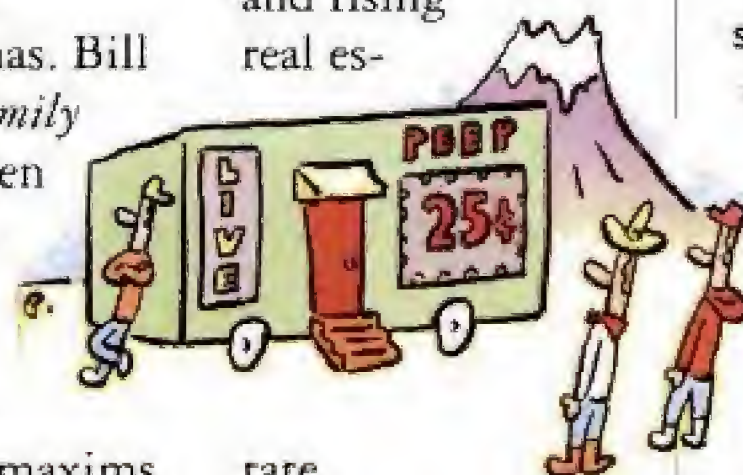
to present "The Star of Christmas," a re-creation of the night sky of ancient Bethlehem. Scores of teenage burnouts from Bayonne suddenly, unwittingly realize the true meaning of Christmas.

25 Christmas. Bill Keane's *Family Circus* is even more loaded down with

Eisenhower-vintage maxims and smiling ghosts of dead grandparents than usual.

26 Richard Widmark turns 77.

31 "Times Square of the West," an outdoor festival with a light show and midnight countdown, takes place in Seattle. Further evidence, along with the increased crime rate and rising real es-



rate prices, that Seattle is inching that much closer to becoming New York. ☺



Walter Mondale's Blurb-o-Mat

Capsule Reviews by Former Vice President Walter Mondale, the Movie Publicist's Ombudsman

AN AMERICAN TAIL: FIEVEL GOES WEST (Universal) ☺☺☺☺

Walter Mondale says, "From an entertainment standpoint, this is a very, very good film."

RUSH, starring Jason Patric, Jennifer Jason Leigh (MGM-Pathé) ☺☺☺☺

Walter Mondale says, "Rush, don't walk, to—er, I mean, Jennifer certainly gave me a rush! That is to say, she gave an accomplished performance that Joan and I enjoyed very, very much."

HOOK, starring Robin Williams, Dustin Hoffman, Julia Roberts (Tri-Star) ☺☺☺☺

Walter Mondale says, "It would be a better world if we, like Peter Pan, never grew old. But the fact of the matter is, we do—and that's why this country needs a fair, comprehensive plan for national health care."

THE LAST BOY SCOUT, starring Bruce Willis, Damon Wayans (Warner Bros.) ☺☺☺

*Walter Mondale says, "The Republicans won't tell you that *The Last Boy Scout* will strike out at the Oscars. I just did."*

What the vice presidential seals mean: ☺☺☺ — nice; ☺☺☺☺ — very pleasant

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

coming, new giant of television and then simply show Roc Dutton's face. The contrast of the message to the eventual payoff could allow the message of honesty to penetrate. Diller thought this was good, but IMPOSSIBLE to pull-off.

"Diller threw out the following (for a spot OFF our network)

"'ROC. It's not noisy, not sexual, not edgy or controversial....It doesn't speak to the lowest common denominator—it's a nice show about nice people that makes you laugh and feel good. WHAT'S IT DOING ON FOX!?'..."

"The example of 'going under' the competition with subtlety and honesty was again brought up by Diller who shared the thought

that it was the difference between the WILLIE HORTON spot the Republicans used against the Dems VS. the MANHANDLER SPOT the Dems used against the Republicans.

"WILLIE HORTON burned a single image into the public's mind while THE MANHANDLERS (a group of politicians in a smoke filled room discussing candidate positioning comedically) tried too hard and left the viewer tuned out." ►



How to Get Your Name in the Newspaper

Things happen when you're a celebrity. Your time is not your own. You have to make appearances. You have to meet with your agent and your manager. You have to make up your mind about those offers. You've got to do that interview. Things get hectic. You forget your taxes.

And so your name ends up in the newspaper. At least it does in Los Angeles, where every year the tax collector publishes the names of people who have neglected to pay their property taxes. Here are some of the people on this year's list:

Madonna Ciccone (\$363.10); David Lee Roth (\$295.25); cult director Henry Jaglom (\$92.47); *China Beach*'s slutty Marg Helgenberger (\$730.30); *thirtysomething*'s tiresome Polly Draper (\$1,465.18); *Twin Peaks*'s neuroathenic Grace Zabriskie (\$57.21); Robin Givens (\$2,647.05); the late Redd Foxx (\$317.88); Fernando Valenzuela (\$8,295.38); and character clod Forest Whitaker (\$698.32).



Our Glowing Future

The threat of nuclear war may have diminished, but there's still nuclear power to fret about. Consider the latest quarterly report of the Office of Enforcement of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission.

The NRC just fined Commonwealth Edison of Downers Grove, Illinois, \$100,000. The inspectors ►

Runnin' With Lobo Uno Your Leaders Speak: Up Close and Personal With Tom Harkin

As part of its continuing effort to help American voters get to know the candidates in Campaign '92, SPY talks this month with Senator Tom Harkin of Iowa.

SPY: *How's the campaign so far?*

Harkin: It's okay. It's better than sitting in the Senate all day.

You don't like some of those guys?

Oh, no, they're okay. They're okay. But if I wanted to go out drinking, I would probably find someone else.

What do you think of Robert Bly and the Men's Movement?

Men's Movement? What's that?

You know, Robert Bly and wild men and going into the woods to scream.

Robert Bly? Wild men?...I haven't heard about that. I guess I've never had any problem with my masculinity.

Now, you served in Vietnam. I didn't, but I've seen a few Oliver Stone movies. Were The Doors

as big over there as he'd have us believe?

No.

So, what song reminds you of Vietnam?

I mean, what sticks in... hmmm....No. No. See, the Beatles were still popular then, and I got out in '67, so...Gosh, I don't know.

What did you do for R&R in Vietnam?

Hey, you're not about to find out. *[Sly laugh]* That's absolutely a sealed record. No way. Let me tell you, it wasn't too far from the norm of what Navy aviators did in their off time who were single and unmarried.

What were you like in law school?

I guess I was a little more laid-back than most guys....I had, you know, for five years been involved in some really challenging work in Vietnam, so this was different.

Did you grow your hair long?

How could I grow my hair long? I was a Navy aviator. Are you crazy?

In law school?

No, not really; I never really was

much into that....But the problem with my hair is, it just goes out and gets curly. I had long hair, but never down to my shoulders. I had a mustache. I'll tell you, one regret I've had is that I never grew a beard.

Now, as a Navy pilot you must have had a nickname.

A nickname. Well, um, you know, wait. *[Shouts to his press secretary, "He wants to know if I ever had a nickname, and I just remembered a couple of days ago what they used to call me. Is it okay if I tell him?" She asks what it is; he covers the phone, then comes back on.]*

Okay, I'll tell you: Lobo Uno. That means "lone wolf," or "number one wolf." I never told anyone that before. You're the first person I've told that to. How about that? I was reminded of it a few days ago when I was reading.

What were you reading?

Just some stuff.

What do you think of all the plaid the designers are showing this fall?

Well, I haven't noticed it much. I don't know much about it.

What do you like to read?

I love science fiction. I've been reading science fiction since I was in college. I've read most of the well-known science-fiction authors. I just finished a wonderful book, *The Land Was Ours*, by Charles Bailey.

Is there any bit of inspirational poetry you have memorized?

Poetry...jeez...Well, there is my axiom of politics—"Always attack; never defend," and "Make them fight on your turf." But these are the kind of things, sayings, philosophy...I could...I don't know what I can tell you on that one.

When do you think the sixties died?

What do you mean? 1969?

—Michael Hainey



Autograph Hound **Actual Encounters My Dog and I Had During Walks on the West Side**

"Isn't he a good-looking dog! I have one like that."

—Paul Newman

"How's my favorite big fella?"

—Joel Grey

"What a beautiful boy!"

—Bernadette Peters

"He's so sweet!"

—Richard Thomas

"Handsome dog."

—Annabel Nichols,
Mike Nichols's third
wife

"Does she eat steak? I have a piece at home that John and I couldn't finish."

—Mary Lindsay

"Is he free for dinner Saturday?"

—unidentified soap-opera actress getting a lot of attention from passersby

"He's an ah-kah-tee. That's his breed."

—Peter Jennings to
Elie Wiesel



"Actually, he's an ah-kee-ta."—me

"It's pronounced ah-kah-tee."

—Jennings to Wiesel,
with absolute assurance

—Jack Nessel

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

found some loose bolts on the apparatus that is supposed to prevent the release of radioactive material into the environment. Usually just a \$50,000 fine, the penalty was doubled, says the NRC, "due to the duration of this very significant event." The company was also fined \$112,500 to encourage, among other things, "a questioning attitude toward anomalous conditions."

The Georgia Power Company of (go figure) Birmingham, Alabama, was fined \$50,000 because someone allowed "a contract vendor representa- ▶

It's a Wonderful Town!



Teenagers arrested for knocking over 838 tombstones in a Queens cemetery.

Photograph by Andrew Savulich

tive"—someone whom laypersons often call a salesman—to operate the traverse incore probe, which "created a substantial potential for significant personnel exposures."

The Indiana Michigan Power Company of (go figure) Columbus, Ohio, was fined \$150,000 because of an unsafe design. The NRC felt that a fire in one part of the plant would make it impossible to shut down the reactor safely. The penalty was escalated 100 percent because the company had ignored two previous NRC notices on this matter, and another 100 percent because it had operated for four years in this unsafe way.

TU Electric of Dallas was fined \$50,000 after the discovery of "widespread falsification of roving fire-watch logs."

The Tennessee Valley Authority was fined \$75,000 because of the "failure of control room personnel to respond to a control room alarm." The penalty was increased by 50 percent because of similar past poor performance.

Finally, the New York Power Authority of Buchanan, New York, was fined \$50,000 when an NRC inspector observed that two people running the reactor failed to "remain attentive to their licensed duties." More specifically, one morning at 5:07 a.m. the inspector observed the licensed reactor operator with "his head tilted back, eyes closed, and feet up on a desk [and the senior reactor operator with his] head tilted back [and] his eyes closed." ☹





The Winner, by a Nose

Question: Why Doesn't Kleenex

Sponsor the MTV Awards?

The annual MTV Music Video Awards show generally features the hottest names in music. Some are there as performers, some as presenters, some as nominees—and some as nose-knucklers. Blame it on a chill in the air, or a backstage draft, but whatever the cause, the collective nose of Pop America was repeatedly rubbed at this year's ceremony.

—Jeffrey Ressler

Leaky performer	Tactile activity	Number of times nose was touched
Billy Idol	Thumbed nose while introducing Best Alternative Video nominees.	
Cher	Wiped hand against nose before announcing nominees, then brushed nose while introducing winner.	
Michael Stipe	 R.E.M. singer knuckled nose before banging into presenter Lenny Kravitz; later ran palm across face while accepting Best Video of the Year award.	 
James Brown	Squeezed nostrils, rubbed them, then held one hand to nose while waving with the other.	  
Sammy Hagar	Fingered nostril, rubbed nose with forefinger and squeezed septum during interview with Kurt Loder.	  
Arsenio Hall	Touched nose with knuckle after Pee-wee-Dan Quayle joke, then brushed it against nostril. Near end of telecast, clawed nose while introducing Cher.	  
George Michael	Thumbed nostril twice, knuckled it, bantered with Cindy Crawford, then thumbed it again.	   
Bon Jovi	First Jon Bon Jovi palm-rubbed nose, then a band member squeezed nose between thumb and forefinger, gave it a thumb-flick, rubbed it and gave nostrils another squeeze.	    
DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince	 Fresh Prince brushed nose with palm, fingered each nostril individually, gave nostrils another brush, coughed and rubbed nostrils, then triple-squeezed them. Jazzy Jeff, meanwhile, scrunched nose twice before Fresh Prince folded both hands over nose.	          

What's in a Name?

Our Periodic Anagram Analysis

VICE PRESIDENT DAN QUAYLE
REVELS IN INADEQUACY DEPT.

NORMAN MAILER
I'M NEAR NORMAL

ANITA FAYE HILL
I AIN'T A HEF ALLY

CLARENCE THOMAS
LECHER ACTS? MOANI

SENATOR ORRIN HATCH
A TINHORN ORCHESTRA

PRESIDENT GEORGE BUSH
DUH, REPRESENTS BIG EGO

ALAN DERSHOWITZ
HALTED ZION'S WAR

—Andy Aaron

PHIL SPECTOR

Back To
MONO
(1958-1969)

PHIL SPECTOR

Back To
MONO
(1958-1969)

TO KNOW HIM IS
TO LOVE HIM
THE TEDDY BEARS
CORRINE, CORRINA
RAY PETERSON
SPANISH HARLEM
BEN E. KING
PRETTY LITTLE ANGEL EYES
CURTIS LEE
EVERY BREATH I TAKE
GENE PITNEY
I LOVE HOW YOU LOVE ME
THE PARIS SISTERS
UNDER THE MOON OF LOVE
CURTIS LEE
THERE'S NO OTHER
LIKE MY BABY
THE CRYSTALS
UPTOWN
THE CRYSTALS
HE HIT ME
(IT FELT LIKE A KISS)
THE CRYSTALS
HE'S A REBEL
THE CRYSTALS
ZIP-A-DEE-DOO-DAH
BOB B. SOXX AND
THE BLUE JEANS
PUDDIN' N' TAIN
THE ALLEY CATS
HE'S SURE THE BOY I LOVE
THE CRYSTALS
WHY DO LOVERS BREAK
EACH OTHERS HEARTS?
BOB B. SOXX AND
THE BLUE JEANS
(TODAY I MET) THE BOY
I'M GONNA MARRY
DARLENE LOVE

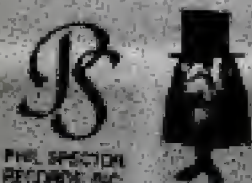
DA DOO RON RON
THE CRYSTALS
HEARTBREAKER
THE CRYSTALS
WHY DON'T THEY
LET US FALL IN LOVE
VERONICA
CHAPEL OF LOVE
DARLENE LOVE
NOT TOO YOUNG
TO GET MARRIED
BOB B. SOXX AND
THE BLUE JEANS
WAIT TIL MY BOBBY
GETS HOME
DARLENE LOVE
ALL GROWN UP
THE CRYSTALS
BE MY BABY
THE RONETTES
THEN HE KISSED ME
THE CRYSTALS
A FINE, FINE BOY
DARLENE LOVE
BABY, I LOVE YOU
THE RONETTES
I WONDER
THE RONETTES
GIRLS CAN TELL
THE CRYSTALS
LITTLE BOY
THE CRYSTALS
HOLD ME TIGHT
THE TREASURES
(THE BEST PART OF)
BREAKIN' UP
THE RONETTES
SOLDIER BABY OF MINE
THE RONETTES

STRANGE LOVE
DARLENE LOVE
STUMBLE AND FALL
DARLENE LOVE
WHEN I SAW YOU
THE RONETTES
SO YOUNG
VERONICA
DO I LOVE YOU?
THE RONETTES
KEEP ON DANCING
THE RONETTES
YOU, BABY
THE RONETTES
WOMAN IN LOVE
(WITH YOU)
THE RONETTES
WALKING IN THE RAIN
THE RONETTES
YOU'VE LOST THAT
LOVIN' FEELIN'
THE RIGHTEOUS BROTHERS
BORN TO BE TOGETHER
THE RONETTES
JUST ONCE IN MY LIFE
THE RIGHTEOUS BROTHERS
UNCHAINED MELODY
THE RIGHTEOUS BROTHERS
IS THIS WHAT I GET
FOR LOVING YOU?
THE RONETTES
LONG WAY TO BE HAPPY
DARLENE LOVE
(I LOVE YOU)
FOR SENTIMENTAL REASONS
THE RIGHTEOUS BROTHERS
EBB TIDE
THE RIGHTEOUS BROTHERS

THIS COULD BE THE NIGHT
THE MODERN FOLK QUARTET
PARADISE
THE RONETTES
RIVER DEEP-
MOUNTAIN HIGH
IKE & TINA TURNER
I'LL NEVER NEED
MORE THAN THIS
IKE & TINA TURNER
A LOVE LIKE YOURS (DON'T
COME KNOCKIN' EVERYDAY)
IKE & TINA TURNER
SAVE THE LAST DANCE
FOR ME
IKE & TINA TURNER
I WISH I NEVER
SAW THE SUNSHINE
THE RONETTES
YOU CAME, YOU SAW,
YOU CONQUERED
THE RONETTES
BLACK PEARL
SONNY CHARLES AND
THE CHECKMATES
LOVE IS ALL I HAVE
TO GIVE
THE CHECKMATES

INCLUDES
PHIL SPECTOR'S
CLASSIC
ROCK N' ROLL
CHRISTMAS
ALBUM

produced by phil spector / mastered in analog under his supervision by larry levine &
jody klein / arranger jack nitzsche / art direction iris keitel & mick rock / cover design
mick rock & judy virlinger / book design lloyd ziff design group, inc. / essays tom
wolfe & david hinckley / concept lenne allik



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Sudden Death

What Happens When Your Team Takes a Dive

Consider this: You own a company with annual revenues of more than \$125 million. But you regularly put the entire organization on one airplane, thereby risking a crash that could destroy your company, your investment, your future. Sound crazy? Not if you're in the business known as professional sports. Rest assured, though—the trustees of our spectator sports have contingency plans in case tragedy intercedes.

The most intricate plan comes from the home of control freaks, the NFL. "We think it's important to be prepared for anything," says Greg Aiello, NFL director of communications. "Football is important to America, and we have a duty to America." Adopted ten years ago, the NFL's Disaster Plan has three tiers. With a "Lost Player" (only one player "killed, dismembered, or seriously incapacitated during the season"), the NFL commissioner rules on whether the team replaces him. In a "Near Disaster" (fewer than 15 players killed), the team must finish the season but has first dibs on all players placed on waivers during the remainder of the season. The usual rules regarding the reassignment of a player are suspended, so that the damaged team gets first choice on any other players. Also, any surviving players on the team's injured-reserve list need not pass waivers—meaning no other team can claim them. If the team loses a quarterback, it can select one from any team that has three.

In a certified "Disaster" (15 or more deaths), the league commissioner decides whether the team can and must continue the season. (If only 16 died, "the rest of the team would probably have to continue the season," Aiello says. But if the entire team dropped, "then their season would probably be canceled.") After the season

is finished, the "new" team gets first pick in the draft; following that, each extant team protects up to 32 players, and the new team then

drafts one player from each of the league's remaining intact clubs.

The NBA's "Disaster Draft" is not as detailed as the NFL's plan; it simply goes into effect when "five or more players are killed or permanently disabled." Adopted in 1984, it dictates that if a team has a disaster "anywhere in the world at any time," an expansion-team-style draft is held: each club can declare five of its players off-limits. Unlike the NFL, however, the NBA gives each team losing a player in the draft \$400,000 per player (\$400,000 being essentially the market value of a sixth man when the plan was adopted).

None of this information applies, of course, if your team dies on the field, as the Mets did this year. —Michael Hayney



Separated at Birth?



Grant Tinker...



and Timothy Leary?



Ann Beattie...



and Squeaky Fromme?



John Gutfreund...



and Felix Rohatyn?



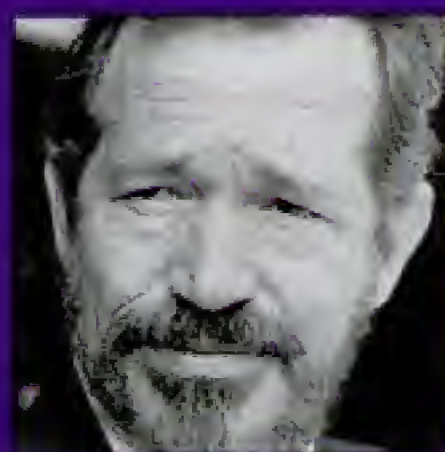
Kathy Bates...



and Charles Laughton?



Vaclav Havel...



and Warren Oates?

Robert Goulet and Priscilla Presley make fools of themselves in Zucker-Abrahams-Zucker comedies. Adam West deadpans Nick at Nite promos. And Joe Franklin simply is Joe Franklin. All of these celebrities make decent livings—but decent livings derived from encouraging with-it audiences to laugh *at* them. SPY spoke to some of the icons of American camp and unearthed a world of dissembling and, sometimes, utter obliviousness.

Living Life as a Punch Line

WHAT I SAW IN A MOVIE CALLED *THE DARK BACKWARD*: A greasy-haired Wayne Newton, perspiring and wearing an oversize purple suit, playing the sleazy agent of an unfunny comedian whose career takes off only after he grows a third arm out of the middle of his back. **WHAT I ASSUMED:** Someone had kidnapped Newton's girlfriend and, in lieu of ransom, demanded that Newton parody his Las Vegas persona on the big screen. **WHAT I LEARNED:** Newton's girlfriend is safe. He took the part voluntarily. Says his manager, "Wayne has a *great* sense of humor."

WHAT I SAW IN THE MOVIE *SCROOGED*: Robert Goulet, in black tie and Snidely Whiplash smile, poling a raft through a swamp and singing an even-less-soulful-than-usual version of "Silver Bells" while a voice-over touts the make-believe album *Bob Goulet's Old-Fashioned Cajun Christmas*. **WHAT I ASSUMED:** The real Goulet had been bound and gagged and stashed in a closet. It was an imposter who performed the cruel impersonation of the singer and his oeuvre. **WHAT I LEARNED:** That *was* the real Goulet. He too had consented to make a ridiculous appearance in a feature film. "If you can't laugh at yourself," Goulet says, "what kind of a person are you?"

WHAT I SAW IN A COMMERCIAL FOR CHOICE HOTELS: Sonny Bono, Nehru-jacketed and love-beaded, popping out of a suitcase and holding forth on issues of mattress firmness, weekend rates and ease of check-in. **WHAT I ASSUMED:** His opponent in the upcoming race for a U.S. Senate seat had threatened to rerelease *Inner Views*, the psychedelic solo album Sonny made in 1967. **WHAT I LEARNED:** Bono thinks the commercial was one of the better projects offered to him lately. "I will do anything that is credible to me as a person," he says, obviously considering no further explanation necessary.

THESE ARE NOT ISOLATED CASES.

Bert Parks recently appeared in *The Freshman* in tuxedo and sombrero and, as a huge lizard passed before him on a serving cart, sang, "There he is/Your Komodo dra-a-gon...." Former serious actor turned slapstick movie star Leslie Nielsen did a beer commercial in which he wore a pair of pink, fluffy ears and impersonated the Eveready Energizer bunny.

Talk-show host Joe Franklin interviewed a hamburger in a Burger King commercial. Ruth Westheimer, the elfin television sex doctor, shills for Pepsi. Watergate curiosity Gordon Liddy has starred in a low-budget action movie and is a hit on the college lecture circuit. Onetime reluctant

by Eric Burns





★ **BORN AGAIN**
Clockwise from bottom: Bill Murray's hilarious mock-smarmy lounge singer paved the way for a new breed of career-recycling found-object comedy. Now Patty Hearst (here in *Cry-Baby*) is a John Waters diva; Jerry Lewis—even post-*Percodan*—is kitsch incarnate; and Jessica Hahn is a walking sight gag.

revolutionary Patty Hearst played an uptight suburban mom in John Waters's film *Cry-Baby*. Ruthless Yankees owner George Steinbrenner hosted *Saturday Night Live* shortly after he was disgraced and in one skit played a weak-willed boss who couldn't summon the nerve to fire people. And Nobel Peace Prize corecipient Henry Kissinger had a one-day stint as the weatherman on *CBS This Morning*. When he finished, Kissinger said, "This is something I have wanted to do for a long time."



ONE STRUGGLES FOR THE MEANING IN ALL OF this. How did these public figures, once celebrated for their achievements in art and business and politics, devolve into laughing-stocks? Why did they willingly cross the threshold of respectability into the netherworld of self-mockery? And, most important, how aware are they of the implications of the transition? Do the Bob Goulets and Larry "Bud" Melmans of the world realize that they appeal to us not as gifted performers but as walking sight gags and human objects of kitsch? Do they care?

There now exists an entire substratum of well-known individuals who are to the human race what Las Vegas is to cities: gaudy and anachronistic, succeeding through excess, crashing through barriers of good taste and demanding to be judged solely on standards of shamelessness and ubiquity. Chutzpah: *I overdo, therefore I am*. In 1990, a year of economic recession, more than 20 million people took in the sights of Vegas, an increase of 72 percent from a decade ago. It cannot be mere coincidence that Wayne Newton discovered a viable new side career as a character actor in the same time period.

The origins of the process of camp iconography—by which a human being not initially known for ridiculousness becomes known primarily for ridiculousness—are sketchy. One senses a seminal role for Bill Murray. As the unctuous lounge-singer character he cre-

ated on *Saturday Night Live* in 1978, he bantered like a used-car dealer and sang, "*Star Wars*, nothing but *Star Wars*," and those of us watching thought he was ridiculing a type. Instead, he may have been providing the type with inadvertent career counseling. One imagines Newton and Goulet and Parks and others all the way down to Don Ho tuning in to Murray and deciding enough was enough: a stand had to be taken here. They would no longer be lampooned by the likes of Bill Murray or Rich Little. They would eliminate the middleman. They would make asses of themselves.

Some celebrities, however, were ahead of their time, and they knowingly made fools of themselves before Murray made it hip. We can look back to 1971, when Howard Cosell performed a pompous play-by-play for both a political assassination and a wedding night in Woody Allen's *Bananas*. We can look back earlier, to 1951, Joe Franklin's first year on the air, when Franklin forged a talk show, every segment of which proved a sophisticated if unintended satire on the entire talk-show genre. Or we can look back to Richard Nixon's 1968 appearance on *Laugh-In*, in which the presidential candidate reinterpreted the show's most popular catchphrase as a question: "Sock it to me?" That was all: two seconds, four words, cut to Ruth Buzzi whacking Arte Johnson on the park bench.

"It was a calculated move," remembers *Laugh-In* executive producer George Schlatter. "Nixon was trying to present himself in a liberal, youth-oriented manner, change the way people looked at him. And it worked. I know it because I kept trying to get Hubert Humphrey to come on the show and he wouldn't. After the election, I ran into him and he said, 'George, you were right. I should have done the show. I made a real mistake.'"

Humphrey lost the 1968 election to Nixon by just 510,314 votes—seven-tenths of a single percentage point.

It might have been about this time that Henry Kissinger started dreaming about doing the weather.

AT THE VERY LEAST, THE CELEBRITY WHO makes fun of himself hopes for a preemptive strike, a forestalling of ridicule. Robert Goulet says, "I know there are people out there who are going to laugh at me no matter what I do. If I laugh at myself first, I defuse the situation. I tell people that since I don't take myself all that seriously, there's no rea-

Night of the Living Career-Dead

The SPY Celebrity-Delusion Index

Save your pity for someone other than Bob Goulet. Not only has a significant portion of his supper-club audience from the 1960s held fast, but he has an entirely new, paying audience of young fans who find humor in his straight-faced comic turns in films like *Beetlejuice*, *The Naked Gun 2½* and *Scrooged*—and he's completely in on the joke! Goulet stands at the pinnacle of healthy campiness: he *knows* he is ultracampy, and he exploits his ultracampiness to his financial and professional advantage. Sadly, the same cannot be said of the Judy Carnes and Herve Villechaizes of the world. Two factors separate their plight from Goulet's: the quality of the work they get, and the degree to which they understand their audience's perception of them. The graph below illustrates how these factors together determine the relative cultural savviness of American camp icons. George Hamilton, who gets reasonably good work (*The Godfather, Part III*; *Love at First Bite*; pre-Fortensky Liz escort) and is completely aware of his campiness, rates in the category of Healthily Campy. And Carne, who scrapes the bottom of the barrel for work and doesn't even realize it, is Just Pathetic. See where your favorite camp icon places!

COMPLETELY AWARE

Though I fondly recall the days when the bobby-soxers swooned over me, I am quite content to make piles of money by emptying this bucket of compost onto my head.

VAGUELY AWARE

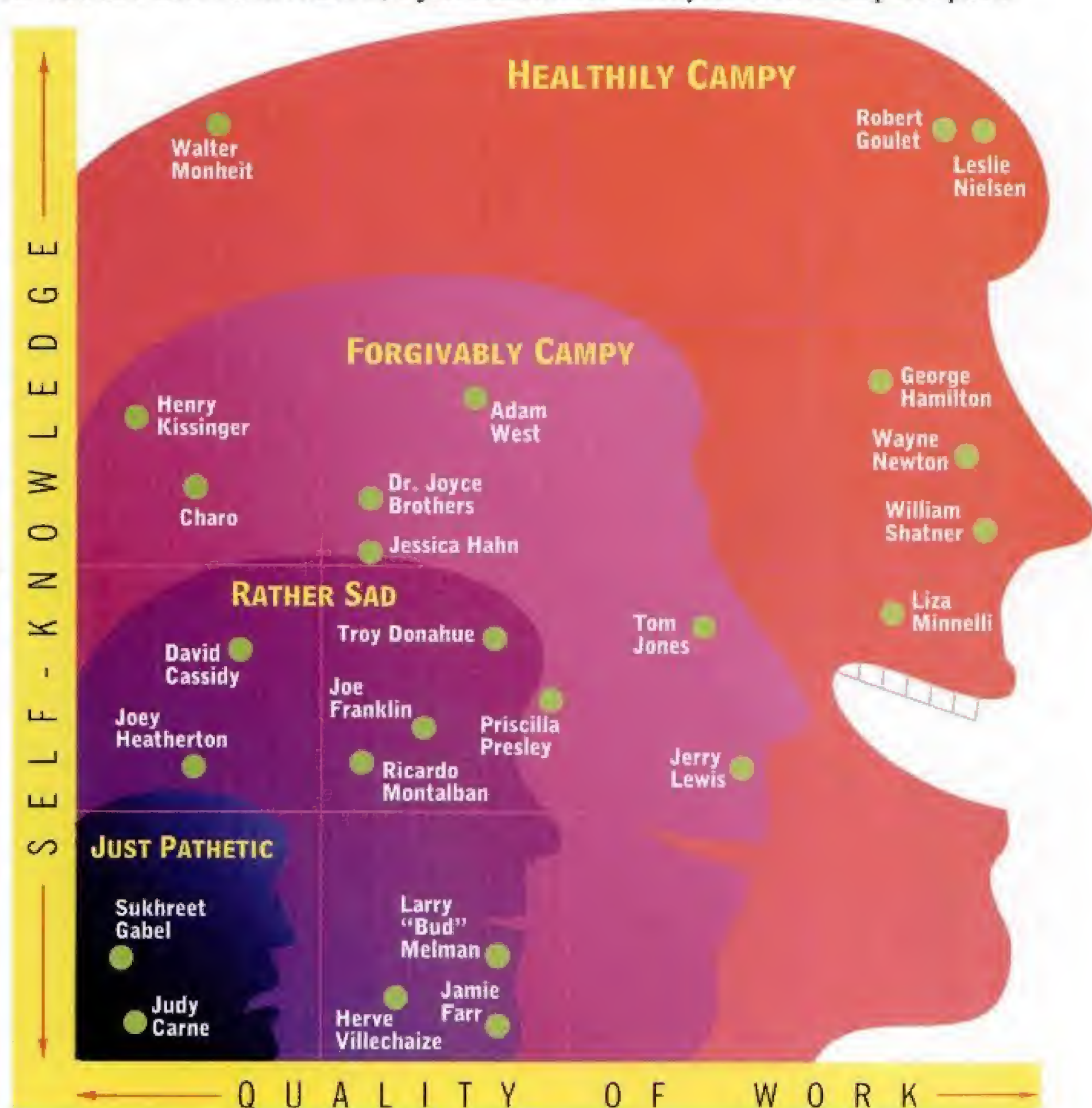
If the kids didn't really love me, they wouldn't be doing imitations of me and wearing T-shirts with my face on them, right?

SIGNIFICANTLY DELUSIONAL

I thank the high heavens for my continuing ability to bring so much pleasure to so many people.

OBLIVIOUS

They let me into Tatou! For free!



AWFUL

Guests on *The Joe Franklin Show*; is listed as an attraction on free passes to weeknight open-bar parties at passé New York clubs; appears in late-night infomercial; dotes on Michael Musto; greets customers at theme restaurant while dressed in ill-fitting costume from 1960s sitcom; is a client of agent Michael Levine

GRIM

Hosts *The Joe Franklin Show*; has participated in TV-cast reunion special; has made cameo in John Waters comedy; parodies 1960s sitcom persona in promotional spots for Nick at Nite; opens for Vegas headliners; is recurring found-object character on clever late-night talk show; has performed on Chabad telethon; has appeared in smarmy trash-metal rock video

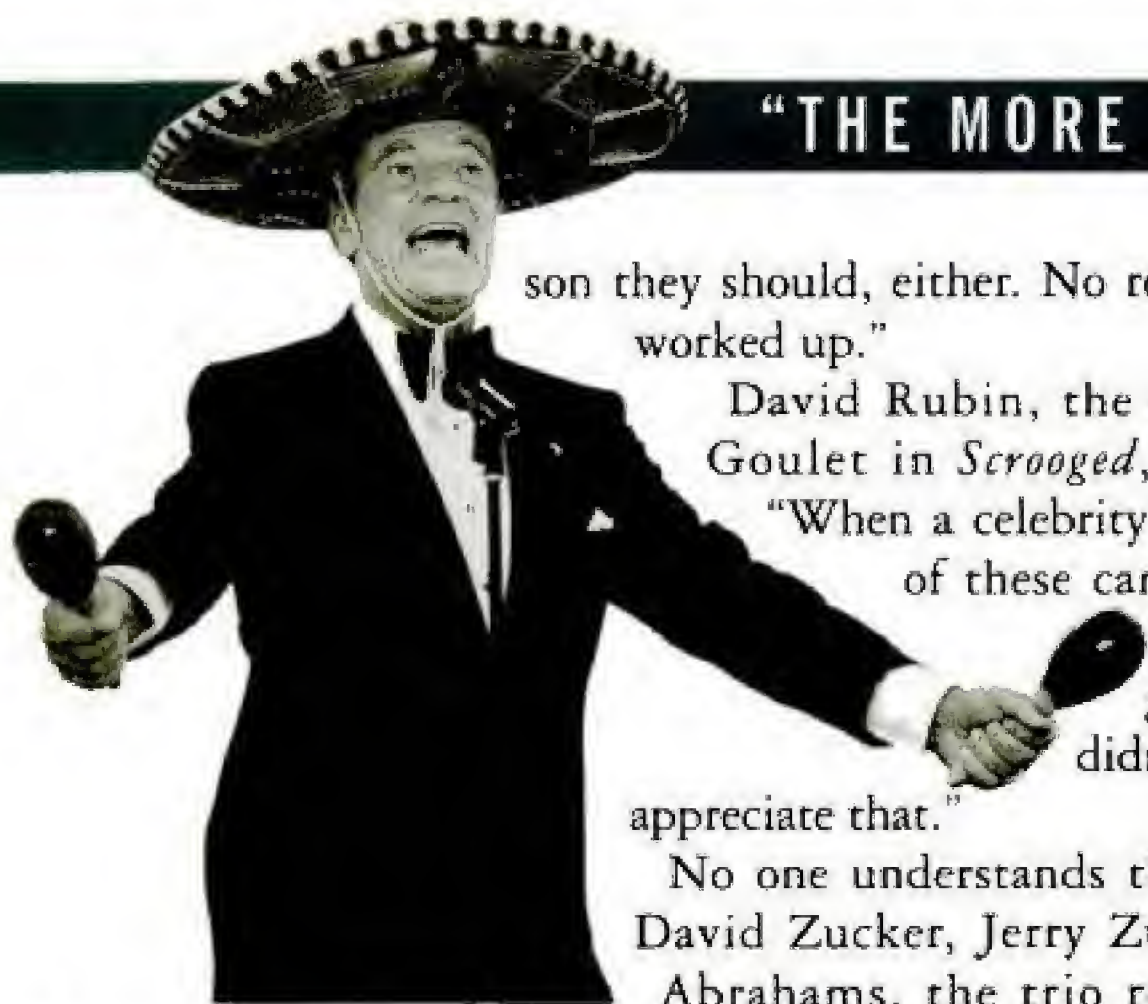
DECENT

Has made cameo in Zucker-Abrahams-Zucker comedy; headlines in Vegas; appears in mildly amusing hotel-chain/photocopier/snack-food ad campaign; has been elected to quasi-important legislative post; has toured in conjunction with Rhino Records rerelease of oeuvre; has performed on Muscular Dystrophy telethon; has appeared in hip rock video

GOOD

Has appeared in leading or supporting role in Zucker-Abrahams-Zucker comedy; has lent voice to guest character on *The Simpsons*; appears in clever sneaker/soft-drink ad campaign; recently performed a sold-out, well-received evening of standards (with full orchestra) at Radio City; collects residuals from shrewd syndication/CD-reissue deal

CHART BY NIGEL HOLMES



son they should, either. No reason to get all worked up."

David Rubin, the man who cast Goulet in *Scrooged*, goes farther.

"When a celebrity appears in one of these cameos," he says,

"the audience gets a treat they didn't expect. They appreciate that."

No one understands this better than David Zucker, Jerry Zucker and Jim Abrahams, the trio responsible for

hind a fan just as a glob of shit hit it; and, in an airport scene, to punch a Moonie, kick a Jew-for-Jesus and shove a volunteer for Jerry's kids. Stack was delighted. Hollywood took note. Warner Bros. found a place for him in *Caddyshack II*, and if the film did not achieve the status of comedic landmark, or even of marginally successful business enterprise, there was at least a new perception of an old actor, and a few inches of circumference were added to the arc of a career. Stack now has a full-time job hosting the TV show *Unsolved Mysteries*.

In the same way, Leslie Nielsen, at one point in the 1970s a forgotten 1950s action star, is now enjoying a pleasant career twilight as a buffoon—teenagers love him—as a member of the Zucker-Abrahams-Zucker repertory. Ultimately, says Goulet, who plays the villain in *The Naked Gun 2½*, the celebrity who takes a self-mocking role is not so much adjusting an image as keeping one alive. "The more of these roles you take," he says, "the more often people think of you. You keep your name out there. *That's* what it's all about."

Consider it the view of an expert. Goulet is at the top of the list of celebrities who had relatively serious careers, passed from fashion with the changing of popular taste and then passed back in by mocking their old selves in accordance with a new sensibility. Goulet has done Goulet more often, and to more deleterious effect, than Rich Little ever did Jimmy Stewart, or David Frye did Richard Nixon. Goulet is at the top of the list of celebrities who, oxymoronic as it sounds, now make careers out of cameos. Even when not directly parodying themselves, they parody themselves. David Zucker says the reason he cast Goulet as a villain in *The Naked Gun 2½* is that he wanted audiences to grasp that even evil was not to be taken seriously in the movie.

Similarly, Martin Scorsese surely cast Jerry Lewis as the talk-show host in *The King of Comedy* so that the proper note of bathos would be struck even before Lewis's role was developed. Call it instant characterization. It is doubtful that Lewis understood this. Once, explaining the audience's reaction to his nightclub act, Lewis said, "They like you so well, you're giving them so much pleasure, they don't believe that they're entitled to that kind of pleasure, and they'd like to break your neck for giving it to them."



Airplane! and the *Naked Gun* movies, which have breathed new if self-parodying life into the careers of Leslie

Nielsen, George Kennedy, O. J. Simpson, Priscilla Presley and Peter Graves, among others. David Zucker, who directed and co-wrote *The Naked Gun 2½*, believes that the self-mocking roles "humanize celebrities" and show them to have "an endearing quality" previously unsuspected. This, Zucker theorizes, is why Zsa Zsa Gabor, who in real life served time in jail for slapping a policeman, agreed to slap the siren atop a police car in *The Naked Gun 2½*'s opening credits. ("Nah," says Kal Ross, Zsa Zsa's manager, when told of Zucker's theory. "It was just a good role in a good movie. Didn't have nothing to do with nothing else.")

Some victims of the Zucker-Abrahams-Zucker treatment have parodied themselves in the interest of, uh, *stretching*. For years, as a result of having played Eliot Ness on TV's *Untouchables*, Robert Stack was trapped in similar roles in B-movies and television films: characters valorous of deed, limited of range. Then Abrahams and the Zuckers cast Stack in *Airplane!*, in a role that called for him to take off one pair of sunglasses to reveal another pair underneath; to walk be-



★ CELEBRITY LOST AND FOUND

Washed-up emcee Bert Parks "did" washed-up emcee Bert Parks in *The Freshman*. What do these women and the "I've fallen, and I can't get up" lady have in common? Bob Goulet willingly looked dumb in *Scrooged*. And Joyce Brothers thought it not at all undignified for a psychologist to dress up as Mother Goose.



It's probable that when Lewis was asked to participate in one of the most popular TV ads of the last year, Diet Pepsi's *Audition*, he thought he was being solicited for his inherent comedic talents, not because people find his very presence inherently, kitschily funny. In the commercial, a gaggle of celebrities try to render the jingle "You've Got the Right One, Baby" as soulfully as Ray Charles. One look at the cast—Tiny Tim, Charo, Vic Damone—reveals where in the pantheon of celebrity the commercial's creators place Lewis.

LIKE GOULET, JESSICA HAHN ATONES IN CANDOR FOR WHAT SHE lacks in taste. Hahn rose to fame as the vixen who defrocked evangelist Jim Bakker, then built on that foundation to become a *Playboy* pictorial, the sex object in a Sam Kinison music video and the host of an infotainment TV show that promotes singlesy love via a 900 phone number. Next on her agenda: a role in a motion picture opposite Morton Downey Jr., who will appear in drag. "Everything I do tends to give me an image of being one-dimensional," Hahn concedes. "That's okay. I'd rather be one-dimensional than have no dimension at all."

No *public* dimension, she means. For Hahn joins Goulet in understanding that once you become a celebrity, the worst fate that can befall you is a reversion to your original, uncelebrated state. Anonymity is an absolute; it cannot be rationalized away. If you are not recognized, you are not recognized, and there is no way to deceive yourself into believing otherwise. If you are reviled, however, you are at least acknowledged; if people laugh *at* you, you can pretend they are laughing *with* you. Who's to say? The two kinds of laughter sound alike, after all; the distinction is in the ear of the beholder.

Joe Franklin is a master of this technique. He boasts that he has skewered himself in at least a dozen movies, and gives the impression that he's a good sport about playing into the hands of those who find him unintentionally funny. But listen to him describe his cameo (as himself) in *Ghostbusters*: "I'm interviewing Murray and Aykroyd on my show. I don't believe this stuff about how they're really finding ghosts, so I say, 'You guys seen Elvis Presley lately?' That's the line, and I'll tell you—brought the house down. I mean, right down to the ground. People laughed for 12 minutes. I'm serious. Couldn't follow it. Nothing else in the movie could follow the damn scene."

Wait a minute. Franklin *doesn't* think Murray and Aykroyd were benevolently slumming when they cast him; he *does* think he carried the movie! What's more, Franklin turns hostile when he sees an homage-cum-parody that's not to his liking. When *SPY* contributor Drew Friedman drew a comic strip in a 1984 issue of *Heavy Metal* entitled "The Incredible Shrinking Joe Franklin"—the strip depicted a grotesquely rendered Franklin gradually disappearing behind his desk—Franklin sued Friedman for \$40 million. The case was thrown out of court.

HERE IS THE JOKE AS I FIRST HEARD IT SEVERAL YEARS AGO:

Q: What is the worst place in the world to stand if you're afraid of being trampled to death?

A: Between Dr. Joyce Brothers and a television camera.

Brothers is another who does not understand that her primary function as a performer is to provide the cheap, derisive laugh.

Hers is a proto-Ruth Westheimer story: female psychotherapist makes earnest television appearances; she elicits a reaction of amusement from her audience; her celebrity grows as a result, perhaps to the detriment of her credibility as a professional; she begins a lucrative second career as a cameo artist.

When I visit Dr. Brothers in her apartment, she is prim and dignified, not what you'd expect of a camp icon. Her hands are folded in front of her, and one of those professional-woman bow ties is fastened precisely at her neck. "It was an episode of *Police Squad*," she tells me, explaining one of her many inexplicable career choices, "and I played myself, Dr. Joyce Brothers." One of the show's running gags involved a know-it-all shoeshine man who in every episode provided Leslie Nielsen's character, Lieutenant Frank Drebin, with the essential clues necessary to solve the case at hand. In Brothers's episode, she steps into the shoeshine man's chair just as Nielsen is stepping out. "[My character] didn't know what a Cinderella complex was," Brothers says. "So what the script had me do was go down to the corner and ask this shoeshine guy. He told me all about the Cinderella complex, and then I thanked him and went off, presumably to counsel a patient who couldn't stop putting the needs of others before her own."

I ask Brothers why she took the role.

"Well, I think people have a right to have fun," she says. "That includes me."

Then I ask Brothers if the fun might have come at the expense of her profession and her credibility.

"Not at all," she says. "In fact, I think people got something constructive out of the part, as far as the field of psychology is concerned." *Whoa, there!* Something *constructive*? From an episode of *Police Squad*?

"Taking the part was a way of showing that a psychologist doesn't have all the answers all the time," Brothers says, completely seriously. "And when that is the case, he or she has got to get help, the same as anyone else. And so I did. I got help from someone who knew the answer to my question, and I wasn't ashamed that that particular person happened to be a lowly shoeshine man."

There it is again: the camp icon thinking that he or she is contributing to the greater good, not simply providing the impetus for a slightly contemptuous five-second laugh.

NOT ALL CAMP ICONS OFFER DELUSIONAL, dodgy answers as to why people find them funny. Some simply don't hear the laughter at all.

According to his manager, Paul Anka, for instance, thinks that when his song "Havin' My Baby" is playing on the car radio in a Nissan commercial—causing the driver to change the station in disgust—"there's no fun being poked at the song, not at all."

Tom Jones says he was not thinking *novel-*



ty bit when the British techno-pop group Art of Noise asked him to collaborate on a remake of Prince's song "Kiss."

And Wayne Newton thinks that when Matthew Broderick sings a few bars of "Danke Schoen" in the shower in *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*, he is being respectful, not droll. Such, at least, is the impression Newton gave in a deposition on his own behalf in his unsuccessful 1981 libel suit against NBC News (NBC had linked Newton with the Mafia). In the deposition, Newton described more than a dozen references to himself in recent movies as proof that Wayne Newton is a household name. One of the references was a scene in Albert Brooks's film *Lost in America*. Brooks, in an argument with the manager of a Las Vegas casino, makes a distinction between his own character and "all the other schmucks who come [to Vegas] to see Wayne Newton." Like other camp icons, then, Newton is less concerned with the quality of allusions to himself than with the very fact of them. To judge by the former, he is a buffoon; by the latter, a cultural institution.

Larry "Bud" Melman is another story. He, like Tiny Tim, Herve Villechaize and Vanna White, is part of a group of celebrities who never experienced an original period of relative seriousness. Melman and his ilk were created, or created themselves, as parody: inside jokes gone outside. Their talents are

meager or nonexistent; their entire careers seem built on the hope that a casting director with a perverse eye will spot them and secure them roles in the next John Waters movie.

They are grateful nonetheless.

Vanna White: "The success is great, but I'm the same person I always was."

Tiny Tim: "I have a double-jointed throat, in a sense. I'm lucky."

Larry "Bud" Melman: "I guess people kind of look at me as a father or uncle or something, I don't know."

Like most people in this category, Melman can't believe his good luck. Ten years ago he was Calvert DeForest, a bachelor receptionist. Then he was rescued from oblivion by the producers of *Late Night With David Letterman*. They wanted someone to read cue cards even more ineptly than Dean Martin did in his heyday, and Melman became a cult star. Now he's in constant demand on the college lecture circuit, he has thrice appeared on the revamped *Hollywood Squares*, and he co-starred in a comedy sketch with Run-DMC on cable TV. And recently he was made an honorary citizen of Atlanta. The speech he delivered for the occasion got "lots of laughs," Melman says, and he heard them as warm and accepting, untainted by ridicule. "I met a lot of people down there in Atlanta, and they told me anytime I wanted to come back, I'm welcome," he says.

The scene: Limelight, a formerly trendy New York club. The occasion: Michael Musto's 34th birthday. Musto, *The Village Voice's* nightlife columnist, has thrown the party himself, and he has commissioned a medical-supplies company to hang dozens of aluminum walkers from the ceiling. Attendees have been promised a once-in-a-lifetime floor show by a group called the Fallen Women.

The house darkens, and the audience grows still. A single spotlight shines down on center stage, and an elderly woman hobbles into its glow. She looks about for a moment, seemingly confused. Suddenly she begins to reel, losing her balance. Then she drops to the floor and, reenacting her moment of glory from the Lifecall Emergency Response System television commercial in which she stars, wails, "I've fallen, and I can't get up."

The audience roars.

Then the woman, a 75-year-old nonactress named Edith Fore, is joined onstage by Judy Carne, who cried "Sock it to me!" on *Laugh-In* long before Nixon parlayed it into a campaign slogan; Joey Heatherton, the former



★ **THREE CAREERS DEAD IN THE SEVENTIES AND CONTEMPTUOUSLY RESUSCITATED IN THE EIGHTIES**

Once-earnest actor Leslie Nielsen keeps on going....For Wayne Newton, playing a Bond villain was simply...stretching. After years of being ridiculed by Cher, Sonny Bono has no difficulty ridiculing himself.



Rat Pack hanger-on; Roxanne Pulitzer, the trampy divorcée of tell-all-biography fame; and Sukhreet Gabel, the overweight oddment left over from 1988's Bess Myerson scandal. The five of them sing "Happy Birthday" to Musto as the crowd boisterously joins in.

Fore, who was cast in the Lifecall commercial after an interview with her appeared in the company's newsletter (she was a satisfied customer; Lifecall had saved her when she'd fallen and cut her head), is puzzled by the fuss made over her, but, Melman-like, she is pleased nonetheless. "I think it's great people feel like this," she told Musto just before getting into a limo that took her back to her home in New Jersey.

IS THERE ANYTHING A CAMP ICON WOULD NOT DO, ANY LENGTH TO which he or she would not go to employ self-deprecation as a means of self-promotion?

Yes, apparently. Adam West, the former *Batman* star who now earns money doing promotional spots for Nickelodeon's prime-time lineup of reruns, turned down a stage role as a has-been actor who had once played a superhero because it was "too close to what some people would like to think is the truth." Jessica Hahn turned down a role in a movie called *Ski School* because it would have required her to glide down the slopes topless. "Not the image I'm really going for," she says. Sonny Bono walked off the set of *Friday Night Videos* because his cohost, comedienne Judy Tenuta, wouldn't ease up on the "ca-ca humor" about Chet.

And Joyce Brothers said no to a part in Woody Allen's *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex* because Allen was so secretive. "He wanted me to be a panelist on a game show called *What's My Perversion?*," Brothers recalls, "but he wouldn't tell me what the perversion was." It turned out, she says, to involve "lusty men and unwitting sheep." Would Brothers have sat on the panel had she known? "In a second," she says.

Still, these standards seem more arbitrary than meaningful, more a concession to the *idea* of standards than standards themselves. Whether they explain their deeds in the earnest, convoluted fashion of Joyce Brothers or in the forthright, what-and-leave-show-business? manner of Robert Goulet—or whether, like Wayne Newton, they deny that there is anything to explain at all—most camp icons seem willfully oblivious of the nature of their fame, just as long as the paychecks keep rolling in.

"The thing to do," says Adam West, "is to keep self-examination to a minimum."

What I saw in a commercial for Care-Free sugarless chewing gum:

Milli Vanilli, the pop singers manqué, grinning foolishly and lip-synching an opera while an announcer promises that Care-Free sugarless gum's flavor will last "until these guys sing their own songs."

What I assumed:

The two members of Milli Vanilli, Fab Morvan and Rob Pilatus, were forced by court order to do the ad—the latter-day equivalent of a week in the stocks—with their fees waived.

What I learned:

They got paid. Morvan thought the commercial was "just fine." Pilatus described the experience as "really great." The two were not available for further comment, because they were in the recording studio, hard at work on a new album on which they actually sing. ☺

Future Kitsch: A SPY Prospectus

With the advent of widespread camp consciousness—even, oh, Manitobans understand that Fred Travalena should not be taken at face value—has come the knowledge that today's earnest, seriously intended pop-culture detritus is tomorrow's hilarious, ironically perceived pop-culture detritus. Below, our forecast of how mainstream early-1990s pop will re-manifest itself as twenty-first-century camp.

IN CONCERT AT THE SANDS, A.D. 2014

Whitney Houston

M.C. Hammer

New Kids on the

Block

Steven Tyler's Aerosmith Experience

Wilson Bono (minus

Chynna, plus

Chastity)

Miss Sinéad

O'Connor

Rod Stewart/Elton

John/Phil Collins

Together Again

The Go-Gos

Reunion Tour

broadcast

1993 to 1995)

12:00 a.m.

Moonlighting

THE JOE FRANKLIN SHOW GUEST ROSTER, A.D. 2010

Mariah Carey

Tama Janowitz

Matthew Modine

Jennifer Beals

Sherilyn Fenn

Kathie Lee Gifford

Michael Wolff

THE CAST OF THE NAKED GUN 8½, A.D. 2017

Corey Haim, as

Frank Drebin Jr.

Christian Slater, as

the villain

Dennis Quaid, as the

police chief

Rob Lowe

Kim Basinger

Timothy Busfield

Clarence Clemons

Sylvester Stallone

THE CAST OF SKINHEAD-DEEP, DIRECTED BY JOHN WATERS, A.D. 2007

Marlee Matlin

Eric Roberts

Warren Beatty

Sofia Coppola

Cornelia Guest

Boy George

Al Sharpton

Kristy McNichol

Caroline Bening-

Beatty ☺

THE NICK AT NITE PRIME-TIME

LINEUP, A.D. 2006

8:00 p.m. *Beverly Hills 90210*

(condensed to a half hour)

8:30 p.m.

thirtysomething

(condensed to a half hour)

9:00 p.m. *A*

Different World

9:30 p.m. *The Best of In Living Color*

10:30 p.m. *Highway to Heaven*

NICK AT NITE LATE-NIGHT LINEUP, A.D. 2006

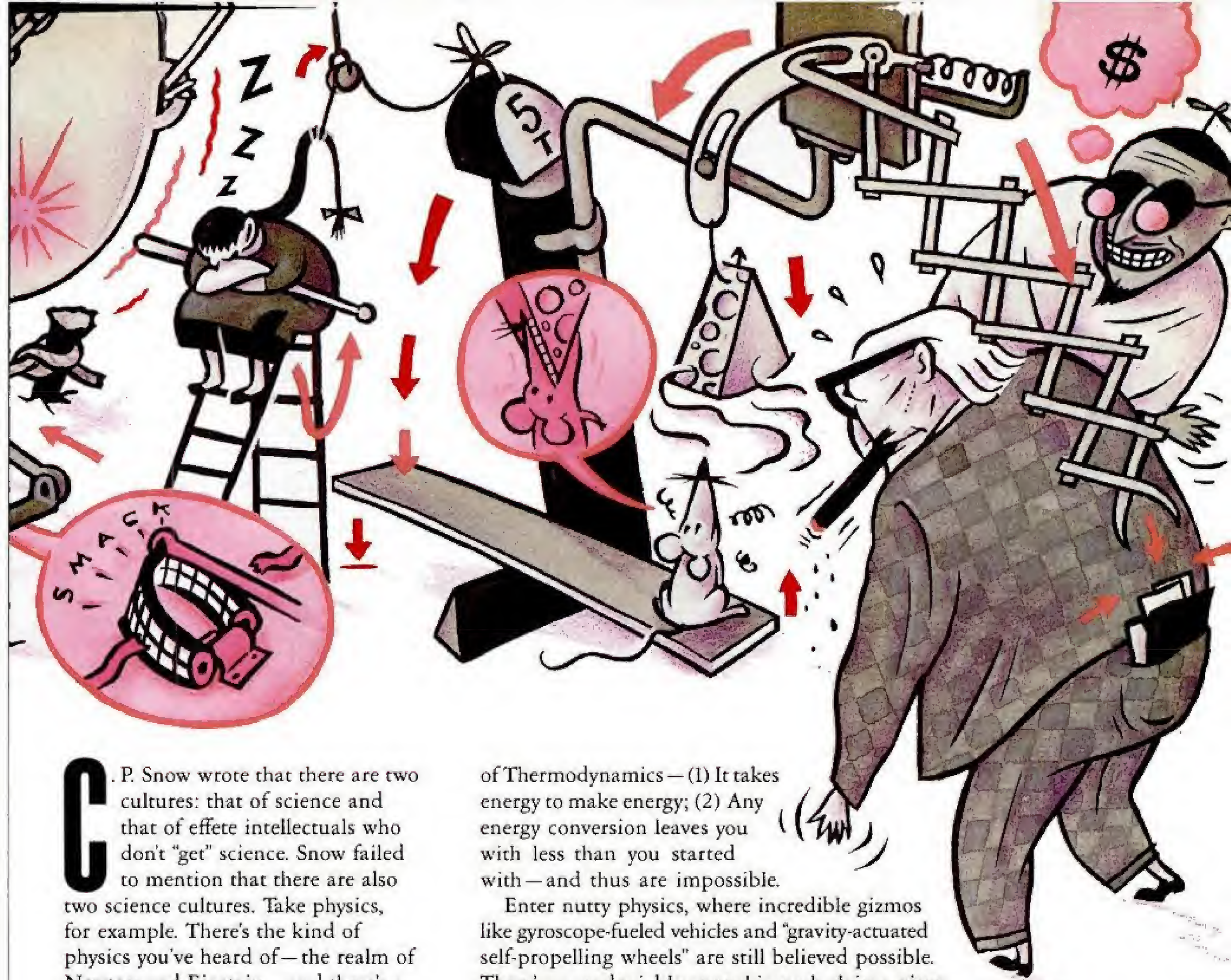
11:00 p.m. *Pee-wee's Playhouse*

11:30 p.m. *The Martin Short Show* (originally



Put a **Zokwendle** in Your Tank!

Think of all the problems our reliance on fossil fuels has caused us: a ruined Alaskan ecosystem, embarrassing alliances with polygamist monarchs, the whole Gulf War thing....Well, it turns out that none of it had to happen. At least that's the claim being made by a collective of kooky inventors—including Brian DePalma's brother—who say they have discovered how to convert air and water into limitless free energy and, even more incredibly, have convinced Dan Rather, various U.S. government officials, credulous investors and New Agers to take them seriously.



C. P. Snow wrote that there are two cultures: that of science and that of effete intellectuals who don't "get" science. Snow failed to mention that there are also two science cultures. Take physics, for example. There's the kind of physics you've heard of—the realm of Newton and Einstein—and there's a goofier, arguably more fun kind, which rejects the limits the first kind imposes. In the popular mind, physicists are Dr. Zorba-haired wild men who blitz through their days in a cloud of chalk dust, thinking mind-bending thoughts about black holes and quarks. They do all that, but they also nannyishly slap wrists when the conversation turns to the one miracle most of us really want them to deliver: limitless supplies of nonpolluting, "free" energy. For centuries men have struggled to build a machine that will somehow cough up more energy than it consumes, or that will run without *any* input. A generator, say, that takes in 10,000 watts but chugs out 20,000, or that taps energy from the air around it. Physics has a damning omnibus label for such devices: perpetual-motion machines. It sternly says that these machines violate the first two Laws

of Thermodynamics—(1) It takes energy to make energy; (2) Any energy conversion leaves you with less than you started with—and thus are impossible.

Enter nutty physics, where incredible gizmos like gyroscope-fueled vehicles and "gravity-actuated self-propelling wheels" are still believed possible. There's an undeniable appeal in such claims, given our overdependence on oil and the continuing decline of our fossil-fuel-tortured ecosystem. The Gulf War and the resurgent save-the-planet movement have logically renewed the entire scientific community's preoccupation with alternative-energy possibilities. Even so, the latest outburst of nutty-physics mania has probably escaped your notice, and the names that count here may be strange to you: Garabed T.K. Giragossian, the perpetual-motion-machine inventor who convinced many congressmen in the 1920s that his modestly named "Garabed," a huge flywheel, was indispensable for the nation's defense. Jerry Decker, a Texan who runs a computer bulletin board devoted to the work of a nineteenth-century crackpot named John Worrell Keely (inventor of the Hydro-Pneumatic-Pulsating-Vacuo-Engine), says he himself has discovered the secrets of the Krell (the fictional vanished race of supergeniuses in *Forbidden Planet*), and knows someone who "met a guy whose family" powers its farm with a generator run by industrial-size versions of those toy birds invented by the actor Eddie Albert that dip up and down alongside a glass of water. Bruce DePalma (Brian's older brother), who claims to have perfected the N-Machine, a homopolar generator that plucks energy from the void (his boosters claim this is done using mathematical principles encoded in Martian geometry on that planet's surface). And the two men who seem destined to become the most famous free-energy seekers of our time—Stanley Meyer of Grove City, Ohio, and Yoshiro

by Alex Heard

NakaMats of Tokyo. Both are racing to pick up that Nobel Prize for solving the world's energy problems with machines that *use ordinary water as fuel*.

Obviously, the stakes here are high. If theories such as "The Use of Tesla Technology and Ball Lightning As an Approach to Controlled Fusion" and "Heavy Ether" are ever proved, cynical "conventional" physicists will have egg on their faces. But that hasn't happened yet (a stumbling block that hasn't deterred dozens of credulous investors and even U.S. government personnel from giving these fringe characters time and money). In the absence of any recognition from their peers (Nobel Prizes, faculty research positions), what keeps nutty physicists motivated — *thrilled*, even — as experiment after experiment explodes all over their tattered lab coats? Well, throughout history, they say, the work of self-taught "garage" inventors like Thomas Edison has been rejected and ridiculed until the scientific community "caught up."

"Free energy isn't the surprise," a freethinker named Adam Trombly told the Second International Symposium on Non-Conventional Energy Technology, a major nutty-physics conference held in Atlanta in 1983. "It may be a surprise from the conventional point of view of Victorian physics, [or] to people who have become precatatonic because of calcification of their synapses through overeducation in false theory. But the reality of the situation is...we are living examples of free energy, and, because of our miseducation, we have forgotten our birthright."

To hear the nutties tell it, mainstream physics isn't just stupid, it's mean. Whenever a garage-bound Prometheus comes along, the big guys gun him down, in collusion with Big Oil and Big Coal to conceal the truth from the citizenry. Have you ever heard, for example, of Viktor Schauberger? *Of course not*. But according to Dan A. Davidson's *Breakthrough to New Free Energy Sources* (a seminal history of nutty physics published in 1977), you should be thanking the late Austrian engineer for the fact that you aren't wearing lederhosen or a kimono. Hitler, Davidson says, found out about Schauberger's "Zokwendle," a device that used revolutionary water-turbine principles to generate 100,000 watts out of nothing, and ordered him to design an antigravity disc (flying saucer) that would have easily scuttled D day. Schauberger managed to stall his work until he could escape to Allied lines, but after the war, Allied "vested interests" dismantled the Zok and shipped it to the States. Schauberger understood that the Americans

had no intention of letting the people enjoy this technology, so he refused to help put it back together again. For this, Big Science destroyed him. He died a broken man, all of his major discoveries lost. "A sad tribute," Davidson concludes, "to another tireless worker in nature's deep arcanum."

Davidson's cautionary tale helps today's practitioners of nutty physics bat away the question perpetually raised by skeptics: *If your devices work, where the heck are they?* Two answers are given so consistently that we can justly call them the Laws of Nuttydynamics: (1) *Well, there's been a setback. The establishment just rubbed out (or muffled) the inventor — so we'll have to "rediscover" what he learned and get back to you later;* and (2) *We'll tell you about it shortly. But it's too risky to come forward at the moment.* "A guy I worked with," says Davidson, has restored Keely's Globe Motor, but for now he's lying low. Antony Sutton, who edits *Future Technology Intelligence Report*, a \$250-a-year nutty-physics newsletter (in which he regularly complains that the media won't listen), has an unlisted telephone number. And asked how to reach the man with the dipping-bird generator, Jerry Decker whispers, "My friend wanted to see it, and he wouldn't let anybody!," then won't return calls.

"You must remember," says Dan Davidson, who is fearlessly about to publish a sequel to *Breakthrough*

You Make the Call!

Separating the Men from the Wild Men in the World of Physics

Here are some post-World War II discoveries from both the nutty- and the mainstream-physics camps. But which are which?

1. "[The Tokamak is a] toroidal device that holds and heats reactive isotopes of hydrogen with a magnetic field....The magnetic fields compress and mold the plasma into a toroidal shape slightly smaller than the inner wall...."

2. "Energy is not necessarily waves or particles, neither is it independent photons or photon packages (quantum)—en-

ergy exists in the shape of spheres that have a definite size, [which] makes energy appear in different frequencies."

3. "I was in the cafeteria and some guy, fooling around, throws a plate in the air. As the plate went up in the air I saw it wobble...so I start to figure out the motion of the rotating plate.... When the angle is very slight, the [plate's insignia] rotates twice as fast as the wobble-rate....I went to work on the equation of wobbles."

4. "I saw some kids trying to get a wheelie on a bicycle. Little kids couldn't



get it up. So I took an 80-pound flywheel, put it on a 3-wheel bike, took a positive clutch out of a 30-horsepower motor, and fixed it so a kid could pedal up that flywheel, engage that positive clutch, and that thing would snatch the front end off the ground about three feet up in the air and leave black streaks on the pavement about three feet long...."—A.H.

interview).
4. Nutty (Joe Newman, in a 1990 radio interview, Mr. Feynman, by Richard Feynman).
3. Mainstream (from *Surely You're Joking, Mr. Feynman!*, 1991).
2. Nutty (TV repairman Larry Spring in *North Coast News*, 1975).
1. Mainstream (from *Science*, 1975).

THY WHEEL BE DONE Meyer with part of his Cell and his Jesus-inspired dune buggy



LUCKILY, A FEW come forward. The biggest name in modern nutty physics is Joe Newman, who emerged during the 1970s oil shortages with a DC motor he claimed produced more electrical juice than it consumed. The Patent Office—which since the time of the Garabed has refused to consider applications for perpetual-motion machines—rejected the Newman Energy Machine, and Newman got a court order for an evaluation by the National Bureau of Standards. (The Patent Office doesn't always succeed in sniffing out an invention's perpetual-motion aspect—see “Some Magnificent Men,” page 47.) The bureau concluded that his machine was *less efficient* than an ordinary DC motor, but Newman had had a bracing run: he won support from two dozen scientists and engineers, several congressmen and Dan Rather, who in 1984 introduced a CBS News report on the machine that called its inventor “brilliant.”

The 1970s and '80s were a golden age of sorts for the free-energy movement, but the '90s are shaping up even better. The Gulf War reminded us of the oil monkey on our back, and even establishment physics has been waxing nuttyphysical of late. Hal Puthoff of the Institute for Advanced Studies in Austin has said we will someday tap the potential energy in the spaces between atoms—called zero-point energy—as a source of free, limitless power. And cold fusion, the laughingstock of 1989, is making a comeback, thanks to the discovery of a strange new subatomic particle that may explain the inconsistent results researchers previously got. Galvanized by these developments, nutty physicists have been skittering about like Ouija-board styluses.

I learned of the newest flurry of free-energy activity from a New Age radio talk show in Baltimore last year. The host-producers, a husband-and-wife team named Bob and Zoh Hieronimus, did a series before and during the Gulf War on energy alternatives. They talked to more than 30 inventors, among them Joe Newman and the two men determined to make Mobil obsolete, Yoshiro NakaMats and Stanley Meyer. Despite their shared vision (water as *Volksfuel*), these rivals are as different as Orient and Occident. NakaMats is a reserved self-styled Samurai who says he holds 2,360 patents—twice as many as Edison—including one for the floppy disk. So far, however, he has kept technical details about his water engine, “The Enerex,” close to the vest. He claims it can power an electric car but declines to say exactly how it works. Meyer is a big, loud, barrel-chested midwesterner who holds 25 U.S. and foreign patents on components of his “Water Fuel Cell.” Unlike NakaMats, he is happy to provide a technical brief that describes how the Cell separates water into hydrogen and oxygen, enhances the hydrogen with lasers and other wizardry, and produces “energized...gas atoms.” When exposed to

According to Stanley Meyer, the Lord himself gave him the secrets of the mojohydrogen-producing Water Fuel Cell in 1975, just after the Arab oil embargo

a spark, he says, this mojohydrogen combusts with “thermal explosive energy up to and beyond 2.5 million barrels of oil per gallon of water.”

ONCE A MONTH, STANLEY Meyer holds an investor-seeking “Dealership Seminar” in a meeting room in the vast, wood-paneled Deer Creek State Lodge, about 40 miles south of Columbus, Ohio. I attended one last April. Before it started, a few of us stood around waiting in the hotel corridor. An elderly woman with a beige arm cast said she was a longtime investor in the Water Fuel Cell; her nephew Basil, a missionary student, had told her about Stan. “That was all I needed to hear to know that he’s all right,” she declared. A man in a mauve jumpsuit and dyed-to-match hair paced back and forth slowly, grinning to himself. The theme music from —*cheap-irony alert!*—*Twin Peaks* was wafting through the hotel sound system as a man in a green leisure suit, another seminar regular, greeted the beige-cast woman.

Finally, Meyer arrived and set up a demo model of the Cell, a big, hollow plastic cylinder housing numerous metal rods and filled with water. About 30 people—mostly men—listened raptly as Meyer plowed through a four-hour spiel on the origins of the Cell and his struggle. Not long into the lecture, he announced that his work is Jesus-inspired. (The cover of his brief cites Job 38:22, in which the Lord asks, “Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?”) The Lord himself, in fact, gave Meyer the Cell’s secrets in 1975, just after the Arab oil embargo. This forthrightness has a handy weeding effect—people who felt at

home with Jesus Physics hung around afterward, while others were scared off.

Some attendees were handyman types who understood home wiring and seemed to think that by extension, they understood subatomic physics. Meyer played on this, giving frequent cues that everything he said was common sense. "Therefore, the electrical attraction force set up between unlike atoms q and q -prime is equivalent to the two shared *negative*-charged electrons, and for every action there is a what? Equal and opposite reaction. Isn't that right?" he said, and these men murmured, like high school physics students faking comprehension, "Yep, yep. That's right."

The Cell, Meyer says, will generate \$330 trillion in profits—or about 60,000 times what Exxon took in last year. He is selling right-to-do-business shares for \$5,000 down, plus \$45,000 to be paid off when the complete Water Fuel Cell product line is ready. These shares allow investors to sell auto, home or industrial "retrofits" in their geographic area. To get on board, you sign a contract stating that you are "sophisticated in financial and business matters" and can afford the risk of losing your initial investment. Which may happen, Meyer's chief mechanic, Charley Holbrook, conceded to the group after the lecture. If the products never do come on line, Holbrook said, the \$5,000 "R&D" investments won't be refunded. "That much we can guarantee ya," he said folksily.

Meyer has many stories about secret meetings with Pentagon and Patent Office brass—usually unnamed—who were "foaming at the mouth and...vowing unto death that we would never get...the patent for this technology." Someone is always tripping him up or trying to steal his prototype retrofits, an allegedly Cell-powered dune buggy and a jet (still in the shop). An invitation to take the dune buggy to Australia for a desert road race was, he realized, "a plot to steal my invention." And one time "a man" showed up at his Grove City house-workshop and asked to use his computer: "I let him. He destroyed several important files. I don't know who sent him or why."

Fortunately, Meyer's lab partner, Jesus, makes sure evil forces—the Mafia, various governments—don't completely destroy him. He means this literally. After the lecture, my wife and I went to dinner with Meyer, his crew and a youngish middle-class couple from Richmond, Virginia, who were thinking about becoming investors. I asked Meyer how he protects himself from enemies.

"You know what a guardian angel is?"

"You mean like those gang members?" the Richmond man said.

"No, I mean like that big mother over there. The big-chested fella." Meyer pointed across the room, but all we saw was a waitress balancing a large tray of beers. "Watch, I'll call him over." Waving his hands Doug Henning-style, he said, "Hbdldlbdld." According to Meyer, the big-chested fella scurried over and stood right beside my wife's chair, huffing and puffing.

Once, Meyer said, he was in Egypt explaining the Cell to "top officials in the government." After-

ward, en route to the airport, the driver took a wrong turn. Meyer protested, but the driver said, *in perfect English*, "I only speak Arabic." Meyer peered out the back window and saw "a car full of the biggest, meanest, most hooked-nosed Arabs you ever saw, armed to the teeth!" He looked to the heavens and cried out, "Lord, unless you do something *now*, I'm a goner, and the technology you've showed me is, too." The Lord responded, of course: he caused the driver's burnoose to "spin around on his head," blinding him, then sent the bad guys' car hurtling off the road and "directed" Meyer's car to the airport.

The Richmond guy smiled in serene comfort, as if more convinced than ever that Stan was on the level. Later that evening, across the table, my wife confessed that she hadn't understood the lecture. The Richmond woman smiled patronizingly, lifted a drinking glass full of water, held it next to her head, jiggled it and said, "Hey—it's as simple as this."

Before I met him, I took Meyer's brief to the National Institute of Standards and Technology (previously known as the Bureau of Standards),

Maryland's governor proclaimed November 13 "Dr. NakaMats Day," and the House Subcommittee on Energy's staff director came to meet the inventor

which will evaluate energy-related inventions for prospective investors free of charge. "We do not believe the machine can be made to operate as described," their report states. Meyer's use of electric current to break water into its components, the institute's experts said, is something you may have done in high school chemistry class—it is called electrolysis. And according to NIST thermodynamics expert

AIR TOKYO Dr. NakaMats, Japan's answer to John Cleese, campaigns for governor of Tokyo in Western-wear and spring-loaded shoes.



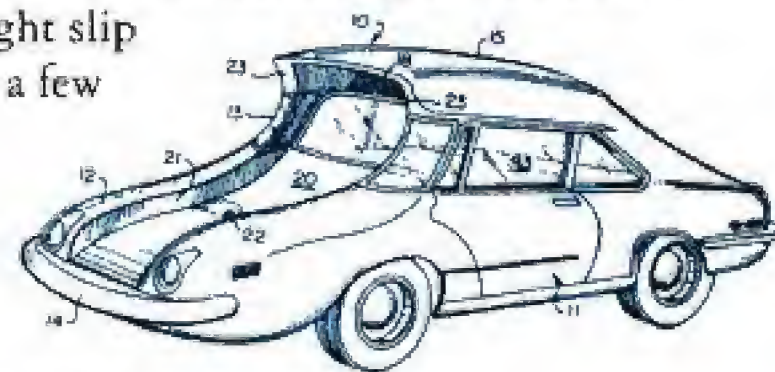
Richard Bartholomew, you can't get "more" energy by burning the hydrogen than you had to put in to break its bond with the oxygen: there are energy losses caused by heat release, friction, and ionization and collection inefficiency. "Thus," NIST's report says, "the Water Fuel Cell... would be a net consumer of energy, not an energy producer." The actual power source for the Cell, Bartholomew said, is the battery—the hydrogen-enhancing steps are pointless bells and whistles in, essentially, a battery-powered engine.

YOSHIRO NAKAMATS DOESN'T FLOAT the numbers Meyer does—he told one interviewer that he has been offered \$7 billion in cash for his Enerex water engine, pitiful compared with Meyer's \$330 trillion profit forecast—but he has been playing to crowds with deeper pockets. In the past year he has barnstormed the northeastern U.S. at least twice to promote his inventions. His first visit, in November 1990, brought him to Baltimore, under partial sponsorship of the Hieronimuses. The Maryland Department of Economic & Employment Development hosted a ceremony in honor of "Dr. NakaMats Day," November 13, proclaimed by Maryland governor William Donald Schaefer. "Would you believe a car engine that runs on water?" brayed Beverly Burke of Baltimore's Channel 2. "You might, if you consider that the inventor is the same man who invented the floppy disk!"

NakaMats's résumé lists an array of accomplishments, presented in disarmingly fractured English: "Professor St. Louis University and other 10 U.S. Universities.... The Japan Praise Association (similar to the Nobel Prize Award) awarded Dr. NakaMats the 'Socially Distinguished Prize for Invention'.... Received from members of Parliament such as Morris Udall... and John McCain their respect to Dr. NakaMats that the State of Arizona is expected to be developed by his technology." His next résumé entry, according to Wendy Hanamura, who reported

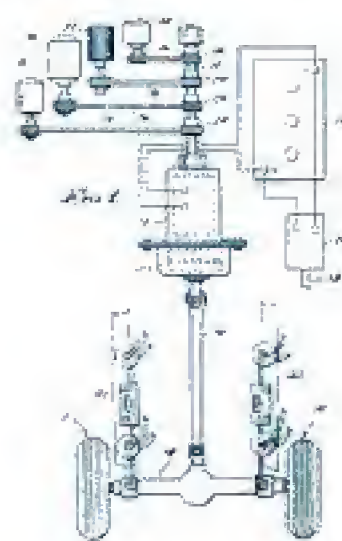
Some Magnificent Men and Their Patented Perpetual-Motion Machines

Officially, the Patent Office disallows applications that appear to involve perpetual motion ("We don't issue patents to inventions that violate scientific principles," says Gil Weidenfeld, a Patent Office spokesman. "Nobody's proved a new law of physics with an invention"). Unofficially... well, everyone has bad days. And if you're careful not to utter the forbidden phrase to Patent Office officials (one handy alternative is "useful continuous work"), you might slip your invention through. Below are a few perpetual-motion schemes that made it, identified by staff members at the Office of Energy Related Inventions.



Automobile With Wind Driven Generator (U.S. Patent No. 4,168,759)

Awarded posthumously to R. Dell Hull on September 25, 1979. This air-scooping roadster has a "bank of batteries" to get you going, but then it's mostly free lunch, as the hardtop scoop gathers in onrushing air that in turn motivates an "angularly oriented impeller" to send you flying happily down Route 66.



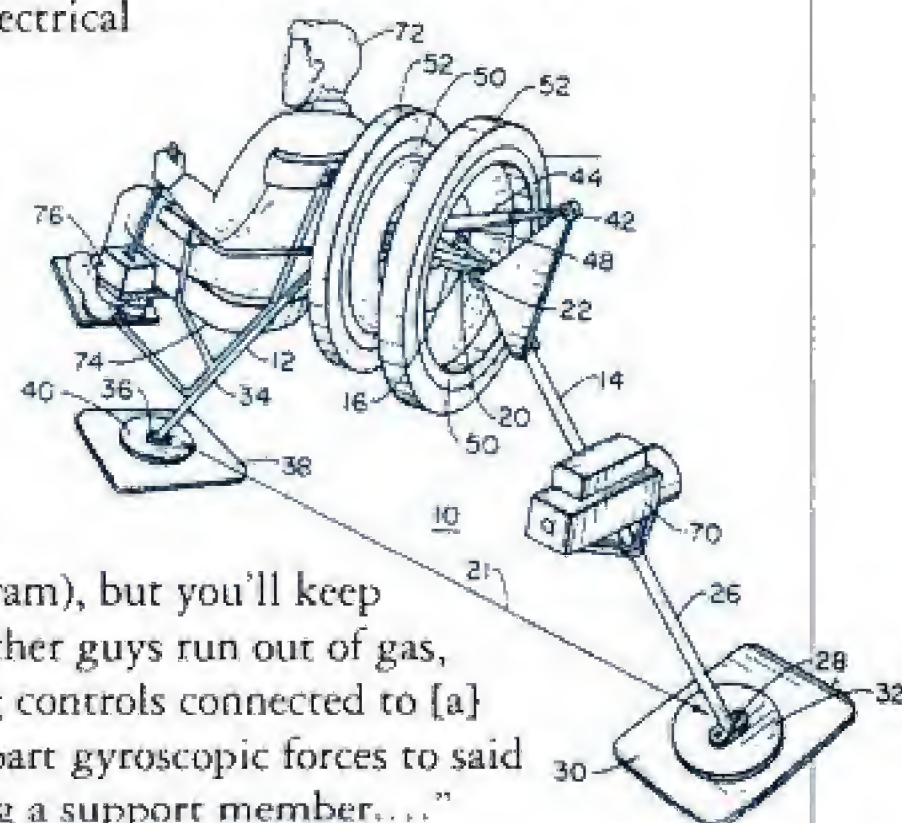
Energy System for Self-Propelled Vehicles (U.S. Patent No. 4,024,926)

Awarded to Aristotel Butoi, May 24, 1977. The battery depicted in the upper right would presumably give you an initial jolt, but after that it's all free energy as bumps in the road impart shocks that cause a piston to pressurize a fluid. "The... fluid drives a mechanical conversion device such as a

turbine which in turn operates an electrical generator."

Rough Terrain Vehicle Utilizing Gyroscopic Forces, aka The Inchworm (U.S. Patent No. 3,900,076)

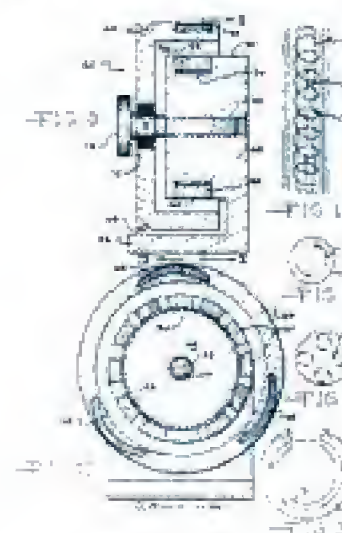
Awarded to Richard C. Winfrey, August 19, 1975. Again, there is a "power means" (No. 70 on the diagram), but you'll keep blasting across Baja long after the other guys run out of gas, thanks to a "pair of flywheels having controls connected to [a] platform via a gimbal system to impart gyroscopic forces to said platform thereby controllably raising a support member..."



Permanent Magnet Motor (U.S. Patent No. 4,151,431)

Awarded to Howard R. Johnson, April 24, 1979. The dream: using magnets arranged in a circle to pull a ball (or the arm of an electric motor) in a perpetually moving circle. A problem: magnets are sources of force, not energy. And if a magnet is strong enough to pull a ball (or arm) from a starting point, it will be strong enough to keep it from returning there to complete the circle.

—A.H.



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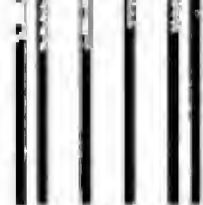
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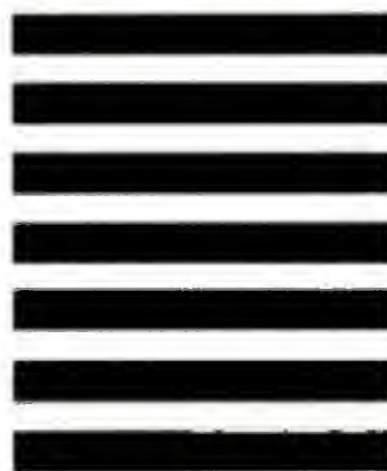
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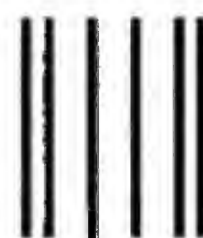
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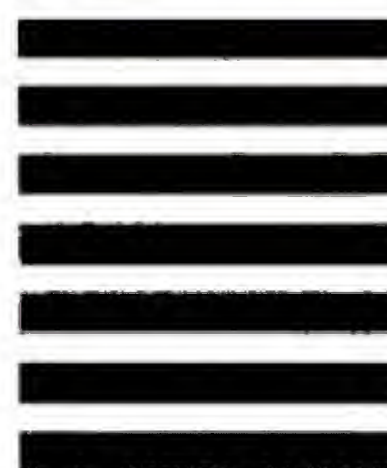
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on NakaMats for the Discovery Channel, will be the 1991 Mahatma Gandhi Humanitarian Award, whose past winners have included Shirley Temple Black, Joan Baez and Werner Erhard.

In Japan, NakaMats isn't as reserved as he is here. He walks around in a T-shirt that reads I AM GENIUS. Last year, he ran for governor of Tokyo, pledging, "I will spring ahead of the competition!" He campaigned in spring-loaded shoes. His platform included using "invisible inventions to improve the politics of metropolitan Tokyo."

Which brings us to those famed 2,360 inventions. One is a golf putter that doubles as a tuning fork. Another is the Cerebrex Chair, an electric chair that stimulates the sitter's brain function and sex drive using, in *Asiaweek's* phrase, "'far infrared rays' that pulse from footrest to headrest." Another was the changing of the inventor's name from Nakamatsu to NakaMats (take note, all you Tracees and Cyndis—you're inventors!). But, of course, those who speak NakaMats's name in hushed, reverential tones cite one invention above all others: the floppy disk.

In standard histories of the personal computer, the floppy disk now in common use was patented in 1972 by a pair of Californians. Brian Doyle, an IBM spokesman, says the company does have 14 "confidential licensing agreements" with NakaMats, but none have anything to do with the floppy disk. "He's been making this claim for years," Doyle says. (Of course, as the Sons of Schauburger know, he *would* say that.)

Another item on NakaMats's résumé: he is listed as "President of NakaMats Patent Office."

In his 1990 Baltimore visit all this went largely unquestioned by the industry representatives and dignitaries who lined up to meet the great man at the Hieronimuses' home and research compound in the rolling, oak-studded hills of Owings Mills, Maryland. Bob and Zoh are a pair of kindly, independently wealthy do-gooders whose only fault is an overwillingness to believe in alternative realities. Because of their philanthropic work, they have ample local connections. On hand for Sunday brunch were, among others, representatives of Westinghouse, the University of Maryland, the governor's office, and Baltimore Gas and Electric. On the Friday previous, Ron Williams, chief engineer for the House Committee on Space, Science and Technology, and Frank Murray, staff director of the Subcommittee on Energy, had come out for a private look at the Enerex water engine. They got the same treatment as the Sunday crowd: a spritz in the face.

The Enerex—which looks like a wired-up tennis-ball can—sat on a pedestal, sealed in a plastic display case. Bob said proudly, "We don't need to go to war. If Dr. NakaMats is correct, oil will no longer be the...god that it is in our society." Eric Feldmann, director of the International Division in Governor Schaefer's office, presented NakaMats with an honorary-citizenship certificate. Zoh's father, Harvey Meyerhoff, a wealthy Maryland real estate developer, asked forgiveness for once scoffing at his daughter's wild theories about the harmful effects of red dye No. 2 and high-tension power lines: "We used to consider her somewhere out on the outer fringes of both reality and common sense. Well, it turned out she was *absolutely right*, and we were the ones who were deluded. By our own innocence, if you will, and by people who had something at stake."

When it was finally NakaMats's turn to speak, he droned on about

the sorts of topics he brings up in interviews—how you can live to be 144 (use the Cerebrex Chair) and boost your IQ (eat his patented seaweed-flavored snack, Yummy Nutri-Brain Food). Then, suddenly, he announced that sorry, because of security fears, he wouldn't be able to run the Enerex today after all. Or to provide any meaningful detail about how it works. Looking like two people who'd just swallowed fishhooks, Bob and Zoh had to pretend to take

NakaMats's caginess in stride. Later they gamely explained to everyone that "the moment wasn't right." The promotional expenses for the visit, which the Hieronimuses raised, came to \$8,000.

What did NakaMats get out of the visit? Well, his wife, Shigeri, videotaped every event (Zoh says Shigeri taped everything NakaMats did, even the meals they ate—"They like to log their bodily response to foods"). Williams and Murray were asked to state their names and affiliations for the camera. So, aside from some amusing home movies of confused round-eyes, the tapes provide the type of priceless, distortable publicity—and seeming endorsements from the U.S. government—that transpacific distances and language barriers make possible.

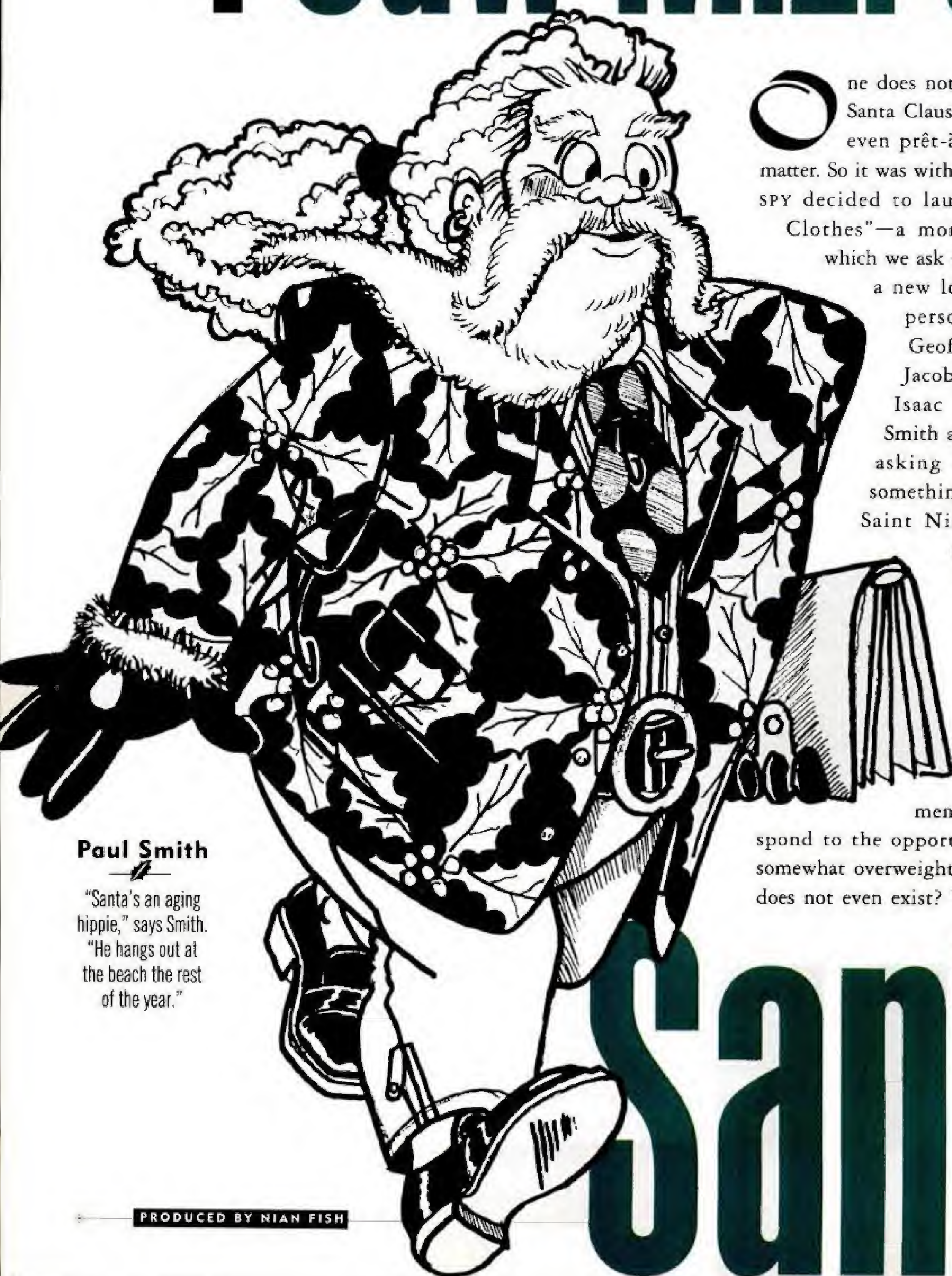
THE LAST TIME I SAW STANLEY MEYER, the day after his seminar, he had interpersonal conflict on his mind. "Yeah, I've heard of Nakamootsu," he glowered. "I don't know what he's doing, but whatever it is, it's covered by my patents, and my lawyers will put a stop to it."

In June, NakaMats returned to Baltimore bearing an electrical device that looks like Robby the Robot's head. He demonstrated it for Baltimore's Channel 45, and partially restored his good name with the Hieronimuses. One name he gave the invention makes it clear that he's moving into the future chest-forward.

He calls it the Perpetual Motion Machine. ▀

Hitler reportedly found out about the Zokwendle generator and ordered its inventor to design a flying saucer that would have easily scuttled D day

I Saw Mizrahi



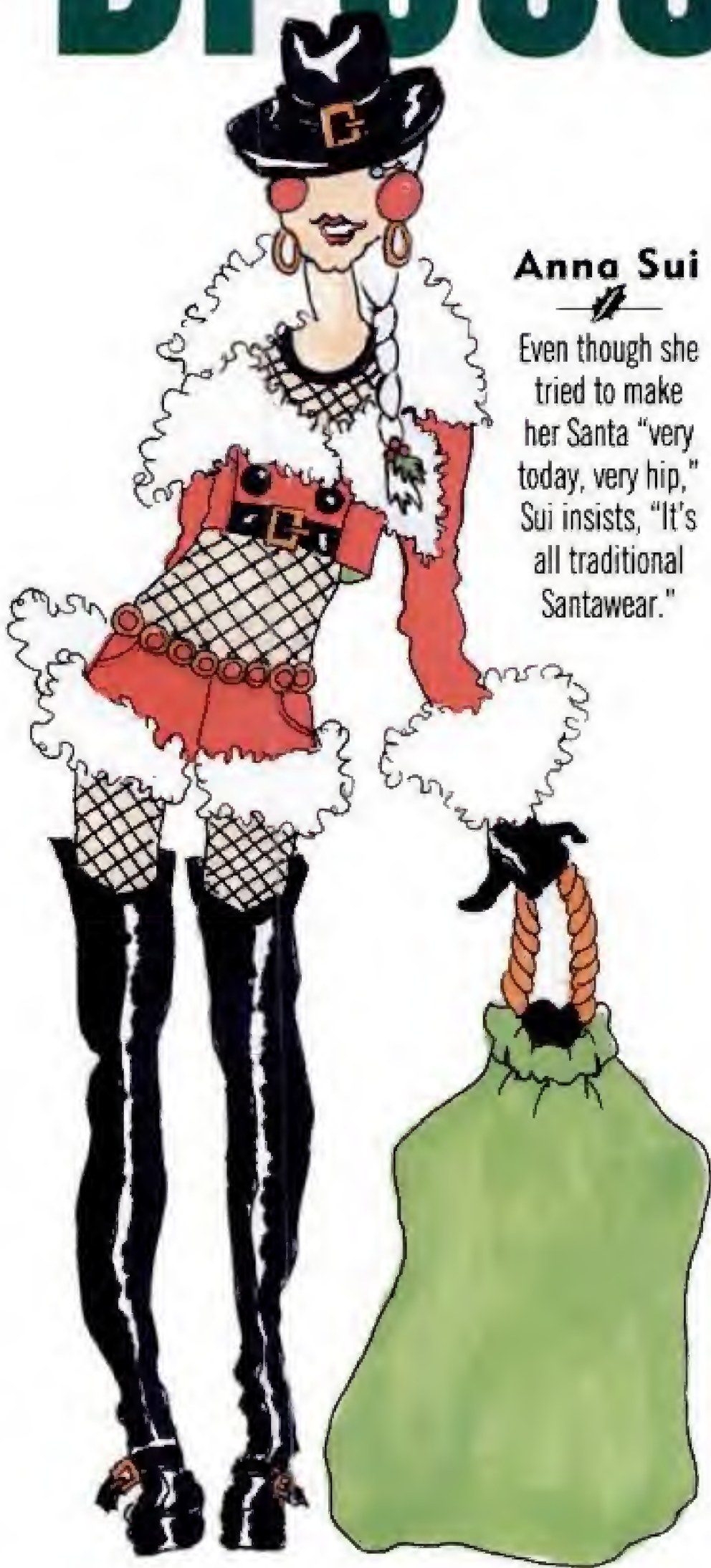
Paul Smith

"Santa's an aging hippie," says Smith. "He hangs out at the beach the rest of the year."

One does not usually associate Santa Claus with couture—or even prêt-à-porter, for that matter. So it was with some anxiety that SPY decided to launch "Change of Clothes"—a monthly feature in which we ask designers to create a new look for a famous person—by calling Geoffrey Beene, Marc Jacobs, Nicole Miller, Isaac Mizrahi, Paul Smith and Anna Sui and asking them to tailor something special for old Saint Nick. How would these artists, who typically see the drape of their fabrics on the perfectly slim and elegant frames of the world's most beautiful men and women, respond to the opportunity to dress a somewhat overweight elderly guy who does not even exist? Would *(continued)*

Santa

Dressing



Anna Sui

Even though she tried to make her Santa "very today, very hip," Sui insists, "It's all traditional Santawear."

Marc Jacobs

Jacobs asks, "Have you ever seen someone you thought might actually be Santa Claus?"



BRUCE
WEBER

HENRY
GELDZAHLER

Isaac Mizrahi


"I just like this idea of someone who is more ethnic or more sexy," Mizrahi says. "Santa Baby, basically."



Claus

they say to us, *Look—if you want something in red, why don't you call Adolfo?*

While we were looking through our Rolodexes for Paul Smith's phone number, though, we suddenly realized that the differences between the North Pole and Seventh Avenue might actually make the project appealing to our invitees. After all, Santa Claus is much more pleasant to work with than your average fashion model: he never tries to win your sympathy by making the exceedingly unlikely claim that he was considered ugly as a teenager; he never refuses to leave his dressing room because he is overwrought about pore size; he never becomes irritable and jealous when in the presence of other Santas.

This thinking must have been correct, for we are happy to report that all the designers agreed to our request. Santa may not be good to you this year, but to us, he's *fabulous*. 

Geoffrey Beene

Mr. Beene explains that Santa's coat is "fake fur for keeping warm. Also, it's in fashion this year."



Nicole Miller

"He's in red flannel and silk shorts," Miller says. "I should have made his legs hairier."



"Smalto. You make me weak."



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About Lowbrow Corporate
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Raises a Fortune for Celebrity Fish Camps
and RV Parks! Adnan Khashoggi Goes
Into the Country-Music Business! People Are
Actually Supposed to Invest in Nude Beer!
And We Launch Our Medieval Theme Park,
Plague World (Well, Almost)!**



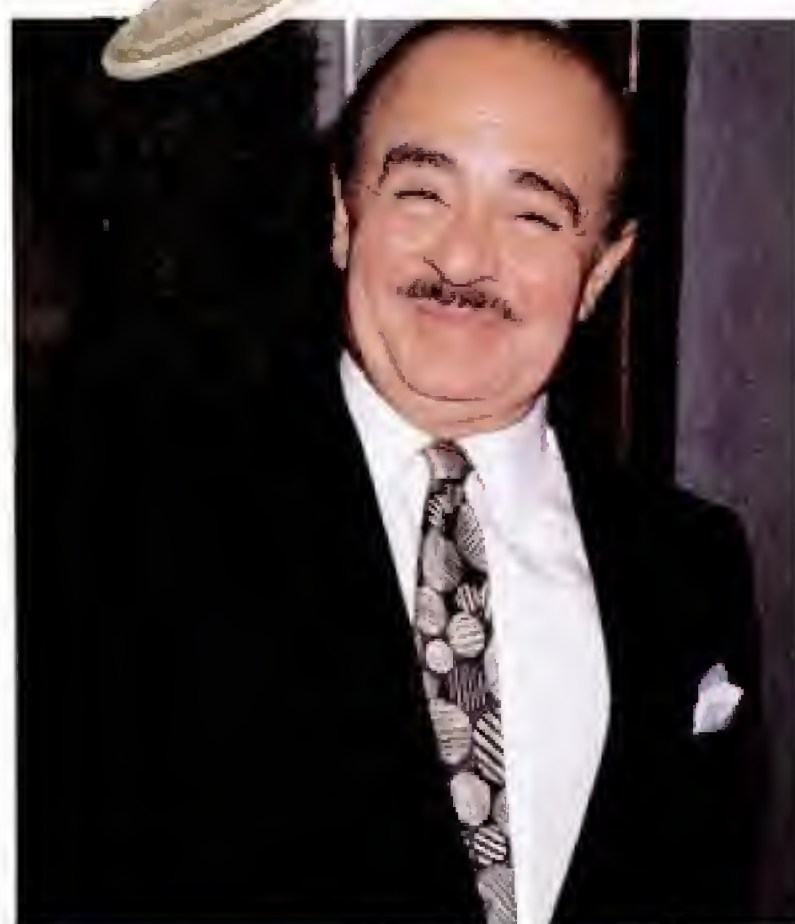
Labels for Nude Beer, pre- and
post-scratch-off

THE SMALL, DYNAMIC GROWTH COMPANY IS THE LIFEBLOOD OF OUR NATION'S ECONOMY. IN TODAY'S TROUBLED economic climate, however, there is a concern that the financial system cannot provide capital to exciting new ventures, and that we therefore run the risk of losing the future to our international competitors. Fortunately, a SPY investigation into the capital markets has provided hopeful news: even in the recessionary 1990s, many investment banks are willing to raise money for those daring start-up enterprises that may become the IBMs and American Expresses of the next century. At least, many investment banks were willing to raise money for the daring start-up enterprises that SPY made up for the purposes of its research—among them a company that supposedly makes software aimed at the Eastern European market and written in Esperanto, and a company called Penal Marketing Associates that supposedly produces a special mail-order catalog for convicts.

If you have a commercial brainstorm (Penal Marketing Associates, for example), you can find financial backing for the business in a number of different ways: You can take out loans from banks; you can ask your family and friends to invest; you can devise a foolproof method of benefitting from your spouse's life-insurance policy. You can also take advantage of the American securities markets—the most flexible and sophisticated in the world—and sell shares of your company to the public. An initial public offering (IPO), arranged with an investment bank acting as the underwriter, will provide you with cash in exchange for... well, in exchange for pieces of paper. Those pieces of paper represent part ownership of the firm and therefore a share of the future profits, but the nice thing about selling stock instead of taking on debt is that *you don't even have to pay the money back*. Of course, only a very stupid investor would hand you lots of money without a good chance that there would be future profits. Happily, it turns out that this is not a problem—many investors are very stupid.

The last decade, in fact, has been the great age of stupid initial public offerings. In 1984 a Brooklyn company called Cardiopet Inc., which specialized in transtelephonic electrocardiograms for pets, raised \$3-million in an IPO. In 1988, Golden Beverage Company of Irvine, California, offered 22 million shares at a nickel apiece in a public offering for Nude Beer, a Mexican concoction whose bottles were adorned with chesty females in tear-away adhesive bikinis.

The list of stupid IPOs goes on and on. One company claimed to be breeding a race of superrabbits. In 1985, has-been teen-pop idol Donny Osmond's company, Donny Osmond Entertainment Corp., offered 1.4 million shares to the public. Doomed Mets manager



ADNAN KHASHOGGI
Guns, trouble with the law, blowing money—his life is a Merle Haggard song.

Davey Johnson got involved in a 1987 IPO called Celebrity Fish Camps and RV Parks, an Orange Lake, Florida, resort for low-rolling vacationers who want to hang out at the local fishing hole with the likes of Buddy Harrelson (another major shareholder and, coincidentally, Johnson's doomed successor as manager of the Mets). The company eventually changed its name to Celebrity Resorts, because, as a spokesman put it, "that sounds better." One of the few truly stupid public offerings of recent years that investors actually spurned was one for Brooksfilm, the production company of has-been producer-washed-up director Mel Brooks. Brooks had to abandon his IPO last year when it became clear that the public was not ready to pay about \$10 each for 1.5 million shares in a company whose principal assets included the distribution rights to the TV series *When Things Were Rotten*, the foreign rights to both *History of the World, Part I*

by Joe Queenan

"Say, Now They Have Leg Irons in Teal!"

Our Make-Believe Mail-Order Business for Inmates

J. Crew and The Sharper Image have made huge profits selling merchandise through catalogs, but they have completely ignored the convicted-felon market. That's where Penal Marketing Associates comes in. Here's the catalog that was shown to investment bankers as Penal Marketing made its pitch for capital. Remember, no COD!



PENAL MARKETING ASSOCIATES CATALOG: FALL 1990



Item No. 1

TV EARPHONES.

Nifty, high-quality earphones, available in durable vinyl or plian Moroccan leather, ensure hours of video enjoyment without disturbing other inmates. Connecting cables can be purchased in six-foot, or twelve-foot lengths.

\$9.95

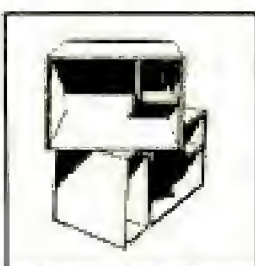


Item No. 2

THE ABDOMIDIZER PLUS.

Compact plastic floor unit takes inches from your thighs and tummy in just weeks. The very same product used by the Detroit Lions, the Edmonton Oilers and the Houston Astros to build muscle and firm up tone. (Not available to inmates in Arkansas, Florida, Georgia and Hawaii.)

\$49.95



Item No. 3

THE PENAL SPACE ORGANIZER.

A series of interconnecting plastic boxes that help inmates make the most of their limited space. Hard plastic boxes are solid enough to stand on, and will not wilt in summer heat. Can be ordered in sets of three, four, seven or thirteen.

\$5 per box; minimum order three.



Item No. 4

THE GAMEBOY.

Nintendo cartridge game comes with latest 3-D effects and can be hooked up to stereo unit. First order comes with Super Mario, Donkey Kong and Dragonquest. (Not available to inmates in Florida, Utah.)

\$109.95

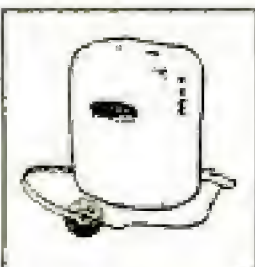


Item No. 5

THE GOOD TIME CALCULATOR.

Hand-held, compact unit, keeps accurate track of inmate's remaining serve, with state-by-state formulas to calculate time off for good behavior and next parole hearing alarm feature. At press of button, LCD display shows inmate's complete prison record for fast reference at parole hearings. Can also store up to 150 phone numbers and addresses.

\$89.95



Item No. 6

STEALTH PERSONAL STEREO.

The quietest AM-FM radio and cassette player ever built, this unit was actually designed by a Japanese inmate stabbed in a Tokyo facility making too much noise with his Walkman in 1983. Four sets of mufflers assure that other prisoners will not be disturbed by the music coming from the cassette player. Comes in red, yellow, or teal. (Not available to inmates in Florida, Utah or Maine.)

\$139.95

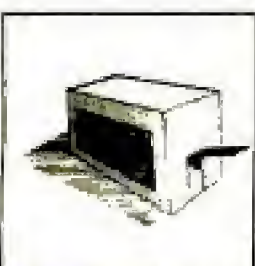


Item No. 7

CELL-BRIGHT CONTACT PAPER.

Livens up even the gloomiest space with shiny, washable contact paper from Armstrong. Available in shiny purple, red or magenta, and also tartan plaid. Comes in 12-foot x 12-foot rolls. (Not available to inmates in North Dakota.)

\$9.95 per roll.



Item No. 8

HUMANE RAT TRAPS.

Traps catch rats and mice in sturdy metal cage, but do not kill them. Rats can then be sold to research laboratories for \$2.50 each, mice for 50 cents.

\$9.95

and *Life Stinks*, and development rights to *Spaceballs III: The Search for Spaceballs II*. However, the IPO didn't fail because it was too stupid—it failed because it was overpriced. At \$5 a share it would have been a smashing success, and Mel Brooks's company would have had \$7.5 million.

Fortunately for the entrepreneur, the U.S. is not the only place where people finance stupid companies. In Canada in the last few years there has been an IPO for something called Glider Resources, a mining company that turned into a bat sanctuary, and one for Vault Explorations Inc., a company whose share price increased tenfold when Adnan Khashoggi announced that he was a partner and that the company had discovered King Solomon's mines. This turned out not to be true, and Vault Explorations then quite naturally became involved with country-and-western music.

No one laughed when I

The truth is that in our country the IPO market has had its ups and downs in the past couple of years, so I decided it was important to check on its robustness—after all, America's global competitiveness was at stake. I began contacting underwriters all around the country, and my first choice was a company called Escalator Securities, whose phone number—or what I believed to be its phone number—was listed in an ad in *Today's Investor*, a magazine that specializes in small, stupid companies. The ad announced the long-awaited stock issue by a Nevada whorehouse called The Mustang Ranch that was offering 1.7 million Class A units at \$10 apiece. Imagine my surprise when the person who picked up the phone was not a receptionist for a stockbroker but a receptionist at a whorehouse. When I explained that I was an entrepreneur interested in going public and thought I was dialing Escalator Securities, the man said, "Let me get Mr. Rippy."

Mr. Rippy promptly picked up

the receiver and explained that he was "one of the principal stockholders" in the Reno-based brothel. I told him I was interested in going public, and he asked what kind of business I had in mind.

"I've got a software firm that does computer programs in Esperanto," I said. "You know, it's that synthetic language. And with all this stuff going on in Eastern Europe, we think there's a great opportunity, because there isn't any common language over there."

"It's an age-old issue," Rippy agreed. I continued my pitch, explaining that I had four partners and that we offered Esperanto word-processing software, Esperanto educational software and also software for Esperanto accountants. I took pains to note that our software included all the latest Financial Accounting Standards Board (FASB) regulations and strictures.

"What size offering are you looking at?" he asked.

"We've got about \$400,000 between us, so I guess we'd like to try to raise \$2 million to \$3 million," I replied.

"That's a realistic kind of a number for today's market," Rippy said. "It takes \$2 million [in shareholder equity] to be listed on NASDAQ [National Association of Securities Dealers Automatic Quotation]." Tiny companies aren't allowed on the New York or American Stock Exchanges, so brokerage houses buy and sell the shares of such companies directly between themselves in the so-called Over-the-Counter (OTC) market—the public-accessible version of stock trading.

NASDAQ is a service that makes prices of some OTC stocks readily available. (The American Stock Exchange recently said it will consider listing NASDAQ companies.) Rippy then rattled off a lengthy list of (low-rent) underwriters I should approach. In addition to Escalator, he recommended Global Securities, Capital Securities,

F. N. Wolf, Stuart-James, J. W. Gant and D. H. Blair. He also cautioned that before I went too much farther with any of this, I should start preparing a business plan. But he did indicate that in some types of underwritings, the business plan could be waived. This included whorehouses. His establishment, for example, "was a development company, but the underlying business had a 20-year track record," he noted. "The normal kind of business plan wasn't required because the financial statements were all there." I had previously looked at those financial statements and found that the company had been losing money and had serious potential tax problems. This was not going to prevent it from trying to raise \$17 million from the public, though. Which should be a lesson to everyone: if a money-losing whorehouse that will soon be shut down and have its

assets auctioned off by the IRS can try to raise money by going public, why shouldn't you?

Eager to determine whether Rippy's interest in my Esperanto-software firm was a fluke, I called Mike Bascetta at Dillon Securities and delivered my speech about Eastern Europe and the software needs of Eastern European certified public accountants.

"We have all the latest FASB standards," I noted. "We also make educational software in Esperanto and Esperanto video games."

Bascetta asked how much I was interested in raising. I said between \$1.5 million and \$2-million. He said this was good, because you needed \$2 million to be listed on NASDAQ. He then explained that this would give me credibility: NASDAQ usually requires that a company actually have a product or a line of business or some employees, whereas on the straight OTC market, you can go public with a shell that doesn't even have



MEL BROOKS

His stock-for-cash megadeal collapsed.



DONNY OSMOND

Entertainer, financier—the next Merv Griffin?

mentioned Ron & George's, a neoconservative premium-ice-cream company



DAVEY JOHNSON

Achieving baseball-fishing-RV synergies



MUSTANG RANCH

Services now represent 70 percent of the GNP.

stationery or a secretary. I knew about this method.

In 1987 the National Music Service, in Spokane, went public in exactly this way with its line of nonmorbid prerecorded funeral music. When this failed to perform as spectacularly as the company had hoped, the company introduced farewell videos featuring photographs of the deceased superimposed over peaceful landscapes and accompanied by cheerful music, to be played at the funeral service. Even though the videos make the dearly departed look like Woody Allen's mother in the "Oedipus Wrecks" segment of *New York Stories*, the stock was at one point trading at \$3.38 a share, giving the company a market value of \$15 million.

"You want to go public on NASDAQ," Bascetta assured me. "That puts you on a hell of a lot better standing."

Then the really good news: it was going to cost me only \$25,000 to

I replied.

"That's a lot of money," he said. "You're what I call a gray-area company. You're not a start-up, but you're not big enough to go to Goldman or Shearson to do an offering. I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll call you tomorrow, and we'll set something up for next week. I'll bring some paper." Russo didn't mention a fee. Obviously, he had in mind the more traditional investment bank-client relationship, in which the underwriter takes a portion of the money raised in a deal. Many a stock offering has faltered when the two parties could not agree on the investment bank's cut, and I would certainly need all my negotiating skills when deal time came around.

Before the phone was cool in my hand, I had another live one on the wire—G. C. George Securities, a member of the now defunct Spokane Stock Exchange. A very pleasant man named John Boyd listened attentively

premium-ice-cream company patterned after Ben & Jerry's. And when I called Stuart-James to see if the firm would be interested in underwriting a public offering for my chain of medieval amusement parks called Plague World, I was turned down because I had only \$800,000 in sales.

"We won't do a company that has less than \$5 million in sales," explained Bruce Bomberg of Stuart-James. He didn't say that the company was too stupid.

I certainly don't want to create the impression that every firm I approached was in a hurry to take me public. When I called Paradise Valley Securities in Phoenix and told them about Truffles of Budapest, a very nice young man named Jerry listened civilly without offering any deal. The business in question involved using a special breed of pigs to find truffles in Romania. The truffles would then be shipped to delis in Manhattan. I pointed out

One company offering stock claimed to be breeding a race of superrabbits

take this baby public. "Or it could be \$30,000 or \$35,000, if you need to have your records updated," Bascetta explained. I was excited.

Confident that my Esperanto-software firm would fly, I then moved on to my second idea for a public offering: the mail-order company for people like Willie Horton and Mike Milken. To this end, I decided to call Malone & Associates, which was involved with many fine, publicly traded companies. I introduced myself as Bob Quinn to a man named Tommy Russo, explaining that I was president of Penal Marketing Associates, a direct-mail company that earned \$300,000 a year by specializing in the consumer needs of prison inmates all around the country.

"You can sell them all kinds of things," I noted, "and, of course, you can rent the mailing lists you compile over and over again."

Russo asked how much money I was interested in raising.

"About \$2 million, \$3 million,"

as I explained my hopes to take Penal Marketing Associates public. I repeated to him what I had said to Russo about the company but added that the mailing-list-rental business seemed like a gusher, because "you know most of these customers aren't going anywhere soon," so you wouldn't have to worry about address changes. This time, though, I said that the business was still in the embryonic stages, and that we didn't have much in the way of sales so far and were certainly not yet in the black.

"Where's my book?" he said, seeming to muse out loud. "Let's see if we can go the simplest route. We could do a 505, but you're not... The easiest way is to go with a Reg-A exemption." My thinking exactly.

Throughout my experience calling underwriters, I was encouraged by how politely and professionally my admittedly idiosyncratic investment schemes were greeted. No one laughed when I mentioned Ron & George's, a neoconservative super-

that the pigs had been very successful finding truffles in France, and that my four partners and I, armed with \$250,000 and ten pigs, were all set to fly to Romania and get rolling.

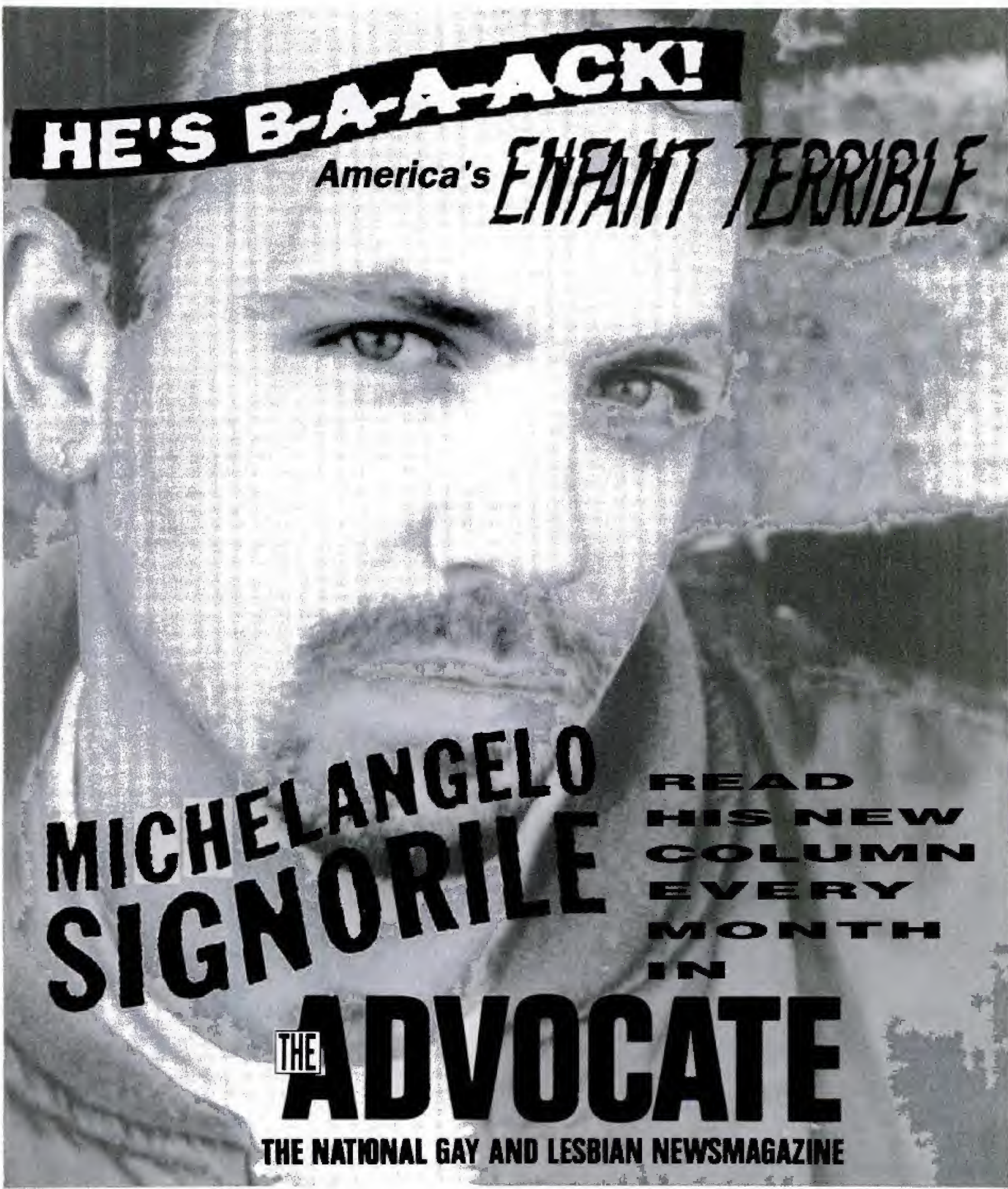
"What kind of pegs are these?" Jerry asked.

"Pigs, not pegs."

"Oh, pigs." We talked a bit more, and he explained how companies like Truffles of Budapest could sometimes be merged with existing shell companies such as defunct mining outfits to start new firms, but he said the timing wasn't good. Then, for the first time, someone actually expressed a bit of skepticism about one of my ideas.

"I've got to be real honest with you," Jerry said. "I don't think this is the sort of thing the boss would be interested in."

After I got off the phone, I realized that Budapest is in Hungary, not Romania. That was probably what had put Jerry off. I had insulted his intelligence. ☛



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CLYSP



by Charlotte Allen & Charlotte Hays

Mission: Impossible

The Long, Hopeless Struggle to Make America Respect Dan Quayle

SOMETIME DURING THE WEEK OF JULY 13, 1992, at some cannily chosen prime-time hour, one of the dependable performers of the Democratic Party—a real long-ball hitter, or maybe one of the better-reviewed presidential also-rans—will take the podium at Madison Square Garden. There, equipped with the best jokes the lib-symp writers of Hollywood and New York can devise, he or she will proceed to beat Dan Quayle like a piñata. The delegates, until then crabby and dispirited, will howl, and the commentators in the anchor booths will offer restrained smiles, and the news producers will argue about which sound bites to include on the eleven o'clock broadcasts that will be viewed by all those who watched baseball or *The Godfather Saga* instead of convention programming, and everyone will feel good. It will be the best night the Democrats have in 1992, and the memory of that evening will sustain party stalwarts throughout the chilly fall as they go about the hard business of averting a landslide.

Unless, of course, something goes wrong for the Republicans. Then, President Bush might regret so lightly regarding the 2 to 2½ points at the polls—these figures the estimate of Republican analyst Kevin Phillips—that Quayle will cost him. But in these early days, nearly a year before the election,

such caution is merely pro forma, not a serious hedge. What is most likely is that George Bush will be reelected, and that at noon on January 20, 1993, Quayle will once again be sworn in as vice president. At that same moment, despite all the laughter, he will automatically become the front-runner in the 1996 presidential election, the leading candidate to take America into the twenty-first century.

IT IS SAID THAT GALILEO, ORDERED BY THE CHURCH to recant his observations that the sun did not move around the earth, still seethed, "It does not move." Something like those sentiments must be felt by Quayle's staff. Headed by 40-year-old William Kristol, who is generally regarded as one of the most intelligent conservatives in Washington, the staff has attempted to shape the vice president's public persona into that of a leader. They have found respectable-looking roles for him to play in the administration and have got him assignments of interest and weight. They have also helped him become one of the top fundraising attractions in the GOP. They have fought to improve his image and stature. Nobody knows exactly what happened, but when the successful Gulf War inflated the possibility of a Colin Powell vice presidency, *somebody* quickly made

sure that Quayle got to stand within camera range of Bush at all announcements, and that Powell got awarded with a sooner-than-expected extension as Joint Chiefs chairman that will keep him busy and content through '92. When Bush's indolence in the face of the Kurdish debacle threatened to undo all that the war had accomplished, *somebody*



and there has been no noticeable change in the public's regard for the man upon whom they have staked their careers—or, perhaps more accurately, on whom their careers currently center.

For example, here is Quayle's pal and obsessive booster Kenneth Adelman, writing in his syndicated column on Inauguration

"Before the fibrillation stuff," says one Quayle aide, "we thought we'd turned the corner. But there were these attacks that just didn't stop. I thought, *Is this never going to end? Is there any point in continuing?*"

made sure William Safire knew that Quayle had advocated intervening on their behalf. When Bush was felled by his fibrillations, and attention—humorously, alarmingly—turned to the possibility of a Quayle presidency, *somebody* made sure that such reliable conservative warhorses as *The Wall Street Journal* and Abe Rosenthal weighed in with their endorsements of the young vice president's merits. When *Star Trek* aired its 25th-anniversary special, *somebody* made sure Quayle, as the president's representative on space matters, got to offer a few thoughts on the future of space exploration. When *Monday Night Football* offered a halftime feature on the importance of football in Washington, *somebody* got Quayle a prominent spot expounding on the significance of the Redskins. And yet, after all that, the advisers look at the polls that evaluate public opinion about Quayle, and they arrive at one conclusion: *They do not move.*

Of course, part of being a good staff member is fibbing about such things. "He used to have a 2-1, a 3-1 unfavorable/favorable rating," said the ever-confident Bill Kristol in an interview with SPY. His popularity rating is "now flat even," added Kristol, who has the smooth, imperturbable face of a newborn. "It's 33-33, with the rest undecided. There's an awful lot of people on his side; 38 million people is a lot of people."

We caught Kristol over the summer, just past the midpoint of the Quayle vice presidency, relaxed, in shirtsleeves, elbows behind his head. We talked to him in his boss's vast office, where photographs of the eerily wholesome-looking blue-eyed vice president—shaking hands with kids, chatting with beaming vets—smile down from every wall. Kristol seemed almost breezy. "I think the press has had it with the gaffe watch," he said. "On his most recent trip one reporter said, 'Here we are on the gaffe watch again,' and he was rebuked by another reporter. Quayle has done a great, substantive job as vice president."

That's a nice thing to say, and to the extent that vice presidents can be said to *have* a substantive job, it may even be true. Unfortunately, Quayle's staff and fans have been saying such things for almost three years,

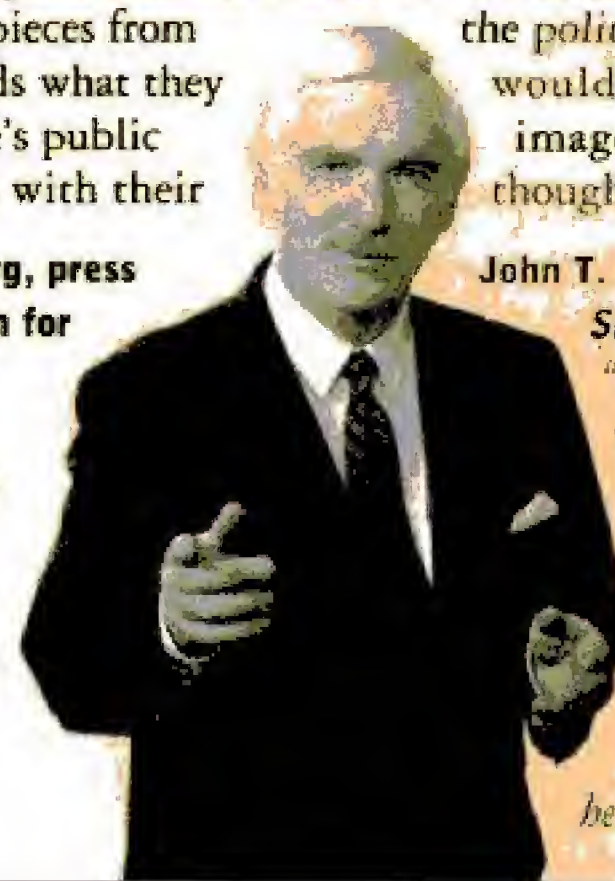
Day, 1989: "He will surprise a lot of folks now, as he has in the past." At that time, the number of Americans who considered Quayle qualified for his job had bubbled up to 45 percent; once he started working, it slipped back to about 30 percent. Then there's Kristol in early 1990, summing up Quayle's first year on the job for *The New Republic*: "The key thing... was to establish himself as an important player within the administration and on the Hill. The second-level audience was the Republican Party. The third circle is the public." At that time, Quayle had an acceptance level

Don't Worry, Dan—Help Is on the Way! SOME FREE EXPERT ADVICE FOR THE VICE PRESIDENT

Dan Quayle's handlers obviously have a tough job. The question is, could anyone else do it better? We asked professional handlers and mouthpieces from the political, entertainment and sports worlds what they would do to help shape up Dan Quayle's public image. A few were willing to weigh in with their thoughts.

Liz Rosenberg, press spokesperson for Madonna:

"Maybe he should grease back his hair or something.... I'm not that politically savvy."



John T. Molloy, author, *Dress for Success*:

"If I recall, he usually wears sort of light gray suits. You very seldom see him in dark grays or blues. If he wants to be taken seriously, he should dress more seriously.... The clothing he wears now would be fine

of 29 percent. In other words, after almost three years of goodwill trips, dutiful water-carrying and the skillful boosterism of his staff, Quayle has the same unfortunate image he had when he started: the guy who meant to say, "A mind is a terrible thing to waste," but actually said, "What a waste it is to lose one's mind or not to have a mind is being very wasteful. How true that is."

Thus, what started as a Herculean effort to mold a better image for the vice president has turned Sisy-

phean. His staff has labored mightily to turn a good-looking, earnest, patriotic midwesterner who is great with kids but rates just about average in the brains and charisma departments—"He's about at the same level as Ted Kennedy," says Christopher Matthews, the Democratic congressional aide turned syndicated columnist—into something resembling presidential material. They have tried to make him seem more of a thinker, to become more aggressive, to become Bush's Latin American point man, his space-exploration point man, his competitiveness point man. But at every juncture, Quayle says or does something that makes them cringe or crumple.

"Before the fibrillation stuff," one Quayle staff member told SPY, "we thought that we'd turned the corner. But there were these attacks that just didn't stop. I thought, *Is this never going to end? Is there any point in continuing the fight?*"

"If you're saying has this been frustrating for the staff and for me, then the answer is yes," says David Beckwith, the former *Time* magazine reporter who has been Quayle's press secretary for three years. He says he has grown sick of questions about Quayle's image. So when we ask Beckwith whether Quayle has attained a new image by now, he snaps in exasperation at the very question: "It's enough to make me tear my hair."



for any politician who wants to say, 'I'm friendly,' but that isn't what he should be trying to get across." What about greasing back his hair? "That's stupid. That's an affectation of a small part of the very wealthy that would alienate just about anybody who isn't alienated already."

Frank Mankiewicz, PR commissar with Hill and Knowlton:

"Maybe {I'd} encourage the president to start a small but manageable war so {Quayle} could go and get wounded. Maybe {get him to} admit that he was wrong about Vietnam and should have served.... He should stop taking his golf clubs to important

international meetings. If you don't want to be taken as a lightweight, don't do lightweight things.... By the way, I wasn't serious about starting a war. But it would help."

Elliot Mintz, press spokesperson for Yoko Ono and Bob Dylan:

"Probably the first step I would take would be to alter his code of clothing. His wardrobe needs revamping.... I'd like to see more color in the wardrobe. I would like to see him in...an Armani. I'd like to see him move somewhat away from grays and blues and emphasize the more youthful side of himself." What about greasing back his hair? "I'd like to see the

hairdo a little looser, a little longer in the back. I would want to get away from the suggestion of anything adhering to his skull."

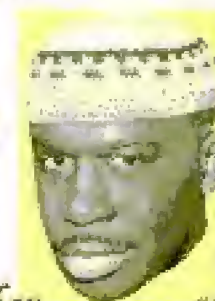
Bob Squier, well-regarded Democratic political consultant:

"I have a specific plan for Dan Quayle: tomorrow morning, walk into the president's office and say, 'I'm hurting you, and I can't do that. I'm not being fair to you. As of today I'm resigning the vice presidency.'...I guarantee you, the next day, Dan Quayle will have the best press in the country. {Short of that} it's hopeless. Medical science is not far enough advanced to handle brain transplants." What about

greasing back his hair? "You cannot help this man by changing his makeup or clothing."

Dan Duva, promoter of Hector "Macho" Camacho, among other boxers:

"I'd probably tell him to be more aggressive. You can't impose your will on people if you don't believe in your own will."



Harry Allen, self-described "media assassin" for Public Enemy:

"He should learn to do a good Russian accent. If he could look more like Boris Yeltsin, he'd be in like Flynn."

—Daniel Radosh

THE PRINCIPAL REASON ALL THIS CAPABLE, DEDICATED handling has gone for naught is not that Quayle is uncommonly dumb, although his natural limitations certainly don't help. It is that he got a lot of bad handling to begin with, particularly if one defines as "bad handling" the decision to rush him into a role for which he was utterly unprepared. Consider: Is Quayle measurably stupider than Jerry Ford? Probably not. But Ford was appropriately aged and seasoned, and good handling managed to make his stilted speech

him with, say, Pat Moynihan. A foreign-affairs mandarin who gave Senator Quayle a Saturday-morning briefing found him immersed in a golf match on TV. "Here, have a brew," Quayle welcomed the expert jocularly. He repeatedly interrupted the briefing to exclaim, "Oh, look at that!" "At one point," recalls the scholar, "he said, 'Why don't we just wait for a station break?'"

"But he's a very nice man," adds the expert, who became friendly with Quayle. Once, Quayle made a

poignant confession: "You know, I would rather have been a professional golfer, but my family pushed me into politics."

A nice fella. Better than you'd expect. But then a horrible thing happened to Dan Quayle: he was chosen to be George Bush's running mate.

By all accounts, the nomination came as a surprise to Quayle. If the moment Bush picked him was the high point of his career, the moment Bush introduced him to the world was when everything began to sour. Quayle was just too darn excited. He grabbed Bush's shoulder, hugged his arm and skipped about like a cheerleader. "Let's go get 'em!" he exhorted the crowd. "All right? You got it?" The effect would not have been different had Bush passed over Bob Dole and Jack Kemp in favor of Kirk Cameron. Bush himself seemed stunned.

We all know what happened then. His record in the reserves. His performance in school. His acquaintance with frisky lobbyist Paula Parkinson. Pressed to explain his enlistment in the National Guard, he talked about the plans he'd made—law school, marriage, family—then stumbled into embarrassing honesty: "I did not know in 1969 that I would be in this room today." The next day, Dan Rather asked him what his worst fear was. He answered, "Paula Parkinson." Within 72 hours, Quayle was no longer a happy-go-lucky golfhead



but a trench-war victim. "It's not a matter of image and perception," says Eddie Mahe Jr., a veteran Republican campaign consultant. "It was real trauma. People who saw him in December and January said he was still going through it. It was like dealing with a man who had been shell-shocked."



Top left, advisers Kristol (left) and Beckwith (right) may be guilty of overhandling. Or does such a thing exist? Left, Quayle apparently under-briefed about hand placement; right, Quayle committing graffiti under presidential supervision.

"There was a real failure of self-confidence," says a Republican consultant who knows Quayle. "This was a guy who had enough natural ability and luck to play a good minor-league game who suddenly became the starting pitcher for the seventh game of the World Series. He got shellacked. You had to feel sorry for him. Here was your basic bonehead Hoosier who got in over his head. It was a tragedy."

Quayle was turned over to veteran GOP handlers Stu Spencer and Joe Canzeri. He also received advice from Mitch Daniels, an old ally and PR consultant. If the problem was Quayle's confidence, the advisers probably made matters worse. They limited his campaigning to appearances before high school students and other safe audiences, insisted on scripting every remark and forced him to use a TelePrompter, even though Quayle hadn't used one before. They sought to control his every move. At one point, Quayle was flying to some remote area when news broke about a campaign official's possible anti-Semitism. "Don't let Quayle off the plane until he has been thoroughly briefed," the assistant handler traveling with the campaign was instructed. Then Campaign Central realized that the press traveling with Quayle would get

word of the story when they deplaned. "Don't let the press off either!" the flummoxed underhandler was told.

Quayle reacted truculently to these restrictions, much like a teenager. He'd lose attention during briefings, while maintaining that he could handle things. As Jules Witcover and Jack Germond report in their campaign history *Whose Broad Stripes and Bright Stars?*, at an appearance in Chicago "he chucked his text and winged it, with disastrous results.... Afterward, Canzeri, in Washington, talked by phone with Spencer... 'Why did you let him?' Canzeri asked. Spencer replied: 'I want him to step

on his dick, and then we'll own him again.'" Finally came the debate with Lloyd Bentsen, where the Spencer-Canzeri-Daniels approach collapsed. Quayle came across as nervous and overprepared and was seen huddling anxiously with his handlers during breaks. The skull sessions left him terrified. "I remember seeing him that night with his Secret Service agents and his wife," recalls Michael Sheehan, a Democratic political consultant who helped coach Bentsen. "He had the look of someone who was walking his last mile."

"These guys were old pols," says Sheehan of Quayle's

team. "What they told him—'There's 10-million people out there watching you, don't expect any friendly questions'—traumatized him. The pressure that can be placed on the shoulders of a George Bush or a Lloyd Bentsen doesn't work on a guy like Quayle."

When Quayle emerged from the ordeal



time in Nashville when Quayle praised Buz Lukens, the sex-offender congressman, when he meant to praise Buzz Aldrin, the astronaut. That got into the news. Last summer, Quayle met with Mario Cuomo in Albany. He sat in the wrong chair, prompting Marilyn Quayle to slap him on the arm. That ended up in Cindy Adams's column.

Once, Quayle got a briefing on foreign policy while watching golf on TV. Later he earnestly told the adviser, "You know, I would rather have been a professional golfer, but my family pushed me into politics."

of the campaign, his confidence was zilch. Apparently, his staff's confidence in him was even less. Quayle's operatives had become, if anything, more uptight than Quayle about the prospect of A Mistake. Their response was the same one the campaign team had devised: never, *never* let Quayle be Quayle.

UNDER THE BEST CIRCUMSTANCES, A MAN WITH NO confidence is not placed into a role without definition. And yet, with Quayle, it happened. "I think we can turn this thing around in six months," press secretary Beckwith told reporters not long after the inauguration. Perhaps his corner men tried too hard. They hovered over Quayle constantly and briefed him thoroughly. In fact, they overbriefed him, and their fussing ensured that Quayle's scared-deer look would become permanent. The amiable, bumble-prone, more-effective-than-you'd-expect senator was transformed into a robot. "When you go on a trip with Quayle," says a reporter, "there are two or three staff meetings a day to brief him. On one trip, when Quayle was supposed to give a speech, they had a staff meeting five minutes before the speech to go over what Quayle was supposed to say in the speech. It came out tinny.

"I think Quayle has pretty thick skin," the reporter continues, "but he was skittish the first six months. You could tell when you interviewed him that he had a spiel—he was like a tape recorder, and he didn't deviate. He still resists spontaneous [interviews] with the press. When you go on trips with him, he will come back [on the plane] to talk to reporters. But he does it with this sense that he's got his speech thought out ahead of time."

In the beginning, the big Quayle story was *How has Quayle screwed up this time?* The Gaffe Patrol was instituted, and journalists signed on in unprecedented numbers for vice presidential trips. And poor, overtutored Dan did not disappoint.

Some of his mistakes were the kind any average politician—i.e., any politician whose intelligence is not an issue—might make without expecting the error to show up in print. For example, there was the

These, at least, were authentic goofs; others have a synthetic quality, as though the media had got on a laughing jag and was finding everything funny. When Quayle said, "I love California; I grew up in Phoenix," did anybody really think the veep didn't know where Phoenix is?

Still, he does seem to have a certain genius for these things. Reporters on the Gaffe Patrol must have shrieked when Quayle, in Chile attempting to make his mark as the administration's Latin American spokesman, met up with the anatomically correct doll. Just before Quayle, casually rambling down the street, saw the doll, two reporters spotted it themselves. "Wouldn't it be great if he bought this," giggled one. Moments later, the unfortunate—or brilliant, you choose—Quayle picked up the doll and began examining it. Pay dirt!

And it was a fun story! Ann Devroy of *The Washington Post* reported that as shocked reporters looked on, the vice president remarked to his wife, "I could take this home, Marilyn; this is something teenage boys might find of interest." Devroy reported Marilyn's motherly efforts to divert Quayle's attention to something else. "I had a slight sinking feeling in my stomach, but I could understand from a human point of view why it would be a good story for members of the press," says Bill Kristol, who was standing nearby. Amid all the hilarity, most Americans never quite realized that there was some dispute as to whether Quayle actually bought the doll. In all probability, had this little drollery between husband and wife involved a more popular figure, it might even have been regarded as charming.

WHAT CAN BE DONE? AN AIDE WHO HAS WORKED with Quayle on a score or so of appearances thinks he has the answer: let Dan be Dan. Though it terrifies his handlers when Quayle goes without a script, the aide says Quayle has performed well when left to his own devices. For example, he once got rousing cheers when he spoke to a convention of disabled people. Unlike most of the speakers, Quayle didn't condescend to

his audience by telling them they were inspirational. When he was introduced by a dwarf, says the aide, "it seemed to bother everybody but Quayle."

"When the staff puts Dan Quayle in a straitjacket," the aide says, "is when he has problems. If you let Dan Quayle be Dan Quayle, he does a fabulous job."



dom escapes. Take, for example, a speech he delivered at Yeshiva University in December 1989. He mentioned Albert Einstein and the Talmud and read from George Washington's 1790 letter to the Hebrew congregation of Newport. Surprising depth from a guy who won't reveal his undergraduate record. The speech got a rave from Abe

Kristol has built strong relationships among the Washington press corps, primarily because, like Jim Baker, he is willing to leak. "Whenever I read *The New Republic*," says an insider, "I feel like Fred Barnes is channeling Kristol."

One problem may be that Quayle's staff is just too brainy to get a midwestern, golf-playing Eisenhower Republican who isn't much of a deep thinker. Perhaps to overcompensate for his image, Quayle, acting on the advice of the neocon Adelman, has surrounded himself with certified eggheads. Kristol, the son of neoconservative godfather Irving Kristol, has a Ph.D. in government from Harvard and won a lot of admirers while serving in the Reagan administration as Education Secretary William Bennett's chief of staff. A former adviser, Carnes Lord, who was an arms-control adviser to Reagan, has *two* Ph.D.'s. Both Kristol and Lord subscribe to an arcane school of conservative philosophy known as Straussianism, after Leo Strauss, the late University of Chicago professor; other members include Allan Bloom and Francis (*The End of History?*) Fukuyama. Straussianism is a kind of religion for high-octane conservative intellectuals, complete with a holy writ (Strauss's books and speeches) and even a schism between eastern and western Straussians. The school is especially appealing to philosophers, because its main tenet is that being a philosopher is life's loftiest calling; it tends to save its highest regard not for rulers but for those, like Aristotle and Machiavelli, who teach rulers. (Kristol, tellingly, has been known to describe Quayle patronizingly as "educable.")

Poor Quayle. Whenever his aides started jabbering around the water cooler about "esoteric meanings" and other Straussiana, he must have looked longingly at his five iron. Not all of them worked out, most notably Lord, who proved to be just too smart. "He was kind of a useless ornament," says an acquaintance. "He just didn't know how to do any of the schmoozing and the schlepping and the slapping backs. He just sat around writing book reviews." After a futile attempt by the administration to find him an ambassadorship (another staff Ph.D., Jon Glassman, was put out to pasture as ambassador to Paraguay), Lord finally got the hint last summer and resigned.

All this braininess has managed to keep Quayle out of trouble, but it has also ensured that the real Dan sel-

Rosenthal, which is just the sort of approval that might mean a little to Quayle's career but would certainly mean a lot to Bill Kristol's. "There's something strange about these sort of neoconservatives putting out press releases through [Quayle's] mouth," says columnist Matthews. "It's Trotskyist. During the Persian Gulf debate, I heard Quayle say, 'There are those who say these people aren't worth saving. That reminds me of Stalin's remark during the thirties about the Slavic peoples.' I thought, *Where in the world is that coming from?* I know where it's coming from—from Kristol."

Even Dumber Than Quayle

MEET MANUEL LUJAN, WASHINGTON'S BIGGEST CRETIN

People may still like to think of Dan Quayle as the stupidest man in Washington, but there's a lot of sentiment in that choice, a lot of affection for a time-tested champ. In truth, the vice president has been getting stiff competition from Secretary of the Interior Manuel Lujan. Some routs believe that Lujan has easily out-stupided the vice president and would take the title if Quayle weren't seven heartbeats closer to the presidency than Lujan. Here are some of the highlights of the secretary's tenure:

- At his confirmation hearing, he adopted "stewardship" as his theme: "The president and I have jointly agreed to an expanded ten-point agenda, and the word stewardship naturally expands into an acronym outlining these ten points...." Stewardship, as

crossword fans know, has eleven letters.

- At his first major press conference, Lujan, a veteran of 20 years on the House interior committee, was told by a reporter that the government did not receive royalties from mining rights. "We

Unsurprisingly, the one person who seems to have benefited from his association with Quayle is Kristol. It was a no-lose job anyway: if Quayle had proved a major success, Kristol would get a lot of the credit; if Quayle was a failure, nobody would blame Kristol. In the meantime, he would be in the position to tend to his conservative contacts and impress the big guys in the White House, which he has done. Kristol is said to be close to White House counsel C. Boyden Gray and has become a key domestic-policy adviser (he reportedly played a key role in the nomi-

nation of Clarence Thomas), an uncommon role for a vice presidential aide. Kristol has also built strong relationships among the Washington press, primarily because, like Jim Baker, he is willing to leak. "Whenever I read *The New Republic*," says one insider, "I feel like Fred Barnes is channeling Bill Kristol." Leaking, of course, is Bush's pet peeve, and reportedly Kristol has been scolded for his looseness by John Sununu. Whatever anyone else thinks of it, though, Kristol's leaking has been helpful in getting favorable mentions of Quayle into print.

To Quayle's credit, he has not been totally imprisoned by his staff; in comparing him with Reagan, one insider was quick to say, "Quayle's much less a puppet." The vice president may be grateful for his staff's intelligence, but he ordered his hypereducated minions to start reading *People* magazine. Unfortunately for Quayle, he's still pretty stiff. When he makes a public appearance these days, he leaves the impression of someone struggling to look serious, like a class cut-up assigned to speak on world hunger. Recently we attended a Quayle speech on tort reform. Though he was frequently interrupted by applause, Quayle read the three-page speech as though he had never seen it before and had no idea what it might say. He stumbled over words and generally emphasized the wrong places in sentences. Still, he

said, "You're doing a great job, keep up the good work. Goodbye!" It was a nifty exit; had it come from somebody with a reputation for wit, it would have been called masterful.

However, even if the real Quayle could get out, there's another problem. Now that Quayle is making fewer public blunders, his entertainment value has diminished. Consequently, nobody in the news media wants to cover him. These problems—first too much attention, now too little—seem to have taken their toll on Beckwith, a press secretary who has developed a reputation for gratuitously alienating the press. "Am I going to be the heavy in this piece?" he asked us. Surprisingly for a former journalist, Beckwith seems to have little idea how to treat journalists. He apparently figured that his personal relationships with reporters would enable him to keep adverse Quayle material out of print; he was obviously in error. Also, in the estimation of one well-connected Washington journalist, he has needlessly alienated Howell Raines and R. W. Apple Jr. of *The New York Times*. Even though Beckwith is good friends with *Newsweek's* Washington correspondent Tom DeFrank, he has singled the magazine out for special opprobrium. "[*Newsweek* makes]

no pretense to being fair and honest," says Beckwith, pointing to an incident when the magazine was granted an extensive interview



Clare Prophet, also known as Gurn Ma, the leader of the apocalyptic Church Universal and Triumphant, which had stored diesel fuel in bomb

shelters near the park. After 31,000 gallons of fuel leaked into the ground, the park superintendent had labeled the church the biggest single environmental threat to Yellowstone. Lujan met with Prophet and was later asked if the church posed a threat to the park. His answer: "I don't think so."

His press aide's obfuscation: "Just because they practice a religion you might not agree with does not mean you can pretend they don't exist. They are the major landowner next to Yellowstone."

• While touring centuries-old Indian petroglyphs in New Mexico, Lujan, chief steward of our national historical monuments, scratched into one of the rocks with his fingernail. "(A preservationist) asked him to stop," the Associated Press reported, "and a Park Service official standing nearby also asked Lujan to desist, but the secretary continued scraping at the rock."

—Wendell Smith

don't get any money?," Lujan said. "Strike whatever I might have said about all that. I didn't know what I was talking about." Afterward, Lujan's press aide said to reporters, "I don't know what happened to him. Write what you have to write."

• One of the first controversies Lujan faced as secretary concerned an off-road-recreational-vehicle race in California that was threatening the survival of the desert tortoise. After much discussion, it was explained to the secretary that ORVs were motorcycles, not Winnebagos.

• Faced with the problem of what to do with cyanide-laced

mining residue that had been dumped in the California desert, Lujan praised a plan to dye the sludge a nice neutral brown in order to "give it a natural look."

• When the red squirrel was threatened by the construction of an observatory, Lujan, the chief enforcer of the Endangered Species Act, said, "Nobody's told me the difference between a red squirrel, a black one or a brown one. . . . Do we have to save every subspecies?"

• On a trip to Yellowstone Park, Lujan visited Elizabeth

has a sense of humor. Last summer, at a breakfast for Quayle sponsored by a New York civic group, Barbara Walters closed the question-and-answer period with a long, windbaggy appeal for federal attention to cities. Walters, speaking in a ballroom without a microphone, could not be heard more than ten feet away, taxing the patience of the hundreds of people who could not hear and did not want to walk out on Quayle. Finally, after several minutes, she finished. "Could everybody hear what Barbara had to say?" Quayle asked. The crowd droned a sullen no. "She

with Quayle for an article on the men around Bush. *Newsweek* failed to include Quayle as one of the president's inner circle, and Beckwith has never forgiven them. He has also become known for insulting reporters, including Maureen Dowd, White House correspondent of the *Times*, who reportedly once left a social event because of Beckwith's hostile behavior. Perhaps most crucially, he has alienated Marilyn Quayle; relations between them grew frosty when she learned he was criticizing her around town.

The recent second coming of Jeff Nesbit, a former

Quayle press aide who has returned to serve as communications director, doesn't augur well for Beckwith, who admits he'll probably leave the Quayle staff after the 1992 campaign. Meanwhile, Beckwith claims that at last the public is catching on to the real Dan Quayle. At press time he was hoping an article-in-progress by *Washington*



required Betty Cuniberti of the *Los Angeles Times*, the first person to whom she granted an interview, to conduct it on the front porch of the Quayle house while an ear-splitting construction crew worked nearby. Also, Marilyn once refused to let shivering newsies join the Quayles in a warm Quonset hut on a chilly spring stop in Alaska.

When a reporter from *Women's Wear Daily* showed up at her sons' school, Marilyn Quayle asked that she be shown out. But, Mrs. Quayle, administrators stammered, her children are students here as well.

Post reporters David Broder and Bob Woodward would depict Quayle as a person to be taken seriously. In other words: Dan Quayle is gaining acceptance—again.

Progress, of course, is possible. Marilyn Quayle remains a difficult, unpleasant person, but she has managed to revamp herself to fit into Washington's social circuit. She accomplished this by going to Sheila Tate, the savvy image doctor who helped Nancy Reagan change her Marie Antoinette image into something more digestible. (By the way, the parallels between the Quayles and Reagans are striking—he: boyish, genial, not that bright, the looker in the family; she: austere, disciplined, ambitious, the brains in the family.) Tate's trick with Nancy was to design a self-deprecating skit for Washington's Gridiron Dinner in which the first lady danced and sang and mocked her clotheshorse image before the assembled heavies. A nearly identical ploy was designed for Marilyn. The summer before last, Tate arranged for the second lady to speak at a luncheon at the National Press Club. Mrs. Quayle got off a couple of good jokes, full of the ritual self-deprecation Washington journalists take for regular-person-ness, including her now-famous "Read my flips" line (an allusion to her early-1960s hairstyle, which she ditched soon thereafter).

All Washington ladies, including first and second ones, must have causes, and Tate is believed to have helped Mrs. Quayle pick a good one—fighting breast cancer. With her image and appearance redone, the newly soignée Marilyn has become part of Washington's horsey set. She let herself be photographed for *Vogue* wearing her riding habit, overruling staff worries that this would appear elitist by saying that *Vogue* itself was elitist. Ironically, Marilyn has managed to improve her image despite a deep enmity toward the press, while genial Dan, who reportedly bears the media no ill will, can't catch a break.

By most accounts, the vice president's friendliness with reporters borders on the puppyish. "If he sees two reporters laughing, he comes over immediately to see what's up," says one journalist. By contrast, Mrs. Quayle

Perhaps her most unattractive performance occurred at a parents' function at Washington's St. Albans school, where the Quayle boys were students. When Susan Watters, a reporter for *Women's Wear Daily*—hardly a nesting place for anti-administration vipers—arrived, Marilyn asked that Watters be shown the door. But, Mrs. Quayle, it was explained to her, Mr. Watters's children attend St. Albans as well. Even that did not appease her, and when Watters refused to go, Marilyn left.

ULTIMATELY, THE MOST SIGNIFICANT REASON THAT perceptions about Quayle will not change soon is that George Bush is satisfied with what he's got and has no desire to have an activist, speech-delivering, policy-mongering vice president in his administration. "Bush's attitude is that a vice president should be seen and not heard," says a White House correspondent. "He thinks a vice president should do what *he* did, which is go to funerals." Bush has no qualms about ensuring that his wishes are obeyed. For example, Quayle not long ago went on record in favor of term limits for members of Congress. Bush soon countermanded Quayle's position, announcing that term limits were a nice idea, maybe, but not on the front burner for his administration.

Which isn't to say it couldn't get front-burner treatment in a Quayle presidency. It could happen. The vice president has settled down. Campaign '92, a long series of speaking engagements not measurably different from administration sales calls he has made for three years, could give the guy a chance to turn his image around—if he doesn't blow it. Then there'd be four years of not doing much besides laying the groundwork for '96. The nomination, the election—it could happen. The gaffes? Something we can all laugh about now. But still, you can't help thinking there'd be nights when a soundly sleeping Marilyn Quayle would be roused to find her husband in a cold sweat, shaking, having once again heard something frightening in the night wind. *What is it, honey? Is it that Lloyd Bentsen dream again?* ▶

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Tolstoys & Us

Brady Bunch, Olé; Poesy at The Washington Post; Safire, Simon Schama and the Journal Play Three-Card Monte

by Humphrey Greddon

Some reviewers, like *The Village Voice's* film critic J. Hoberman, are obscurantic, difficult, dense (*Rapture* director Michael Tolkin "paddles doggedly further upriver into the rain forest of total literalism"). Other reviewers are obvious, simple and also pretty dense. In the *New York Post*, for example, Jami Bernard recently reminded us that films shot on location in New York look convincingly as if they were shot in New York. "I know it's expensive to film here," she wrote, "but there's nothing like genuine, recognizable locations to lend a New York movie an air of authenticity." Fair enough. And Robert Massa, Hoberman's colleague at the *Voice*, recently made an observation that illuminated a certain critical issue like a flashlight at noon. In his review of *The Real Live Brady Bunch*, a production in which episodes from the late sitcom are acted word-for-word by adults, Massa wrote, "Perhaps what's so good about *The Brady Bunch*, though, is that it's so bad." Does Massa watch *The Partridge Family* for the music? Then, in *Connoisseur*, William Lyon wrote about a Spanish matador named Espartaco and observed that he really wouldn't look like a bullfighter "were it not for the brilliant, gold-trimmed silk 'suit of lights' (so called because it reflects the sun) and the two bull's ears he holds aloft as he circles the ring...." In other words, there's nothing like wearing a matador's costume and killing a bull to lend a matador an air of authenticity.

What beaker full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene, with beaded bubbles winking at the brim and purple-stained mouth, hath the

writers for *The Washington Post* been knocking back lately? Here are selections from the beginnings of three reviews that appeared on the same page, the same day. First, Tom Shales on the TV show *Brooklyn Bridge*: "It's the most savory new series of the season, the one most likely to engage the emotions, stir the heart, touch the soul—a comedy with tears that celebrates family and memory and the rich ingredients that make up the American melting pot." Next, Rita Kemply on movies: "*The Fisher King* is a wondrous yarn pulled from ancient skeins, a tragicomic tapestry woven on the loom of America's despairing dreams." And then, more skeins in another movie review, this one by Hal Hinson: "Martha Coolidge's *Rambling Rose* hangs on the screen like a web spun out of glistening memories, and at its center is not a spider but a jewel." I fear that with such richly layered sentiment the *Post* may have forgotten its



Illustration by Michael Witte

audience—few in Washington say to themselves, *Ah, yes, at the assistant-deputy-undersecretary level we laughed, we cried, we loomed.*

Sometimes, I am afraid to admit, our writers think more of their audiences than we really deserve. Take, for example, Terry Sullivan, writing in *GQ*:

The ugliest cufflinks I've ever seen belonged to Henry Hyde, a congressman from the Chicago area. I was sitting next to him at the mayor's prayer breakfast out in the suburbs, eating a vulcanized croissant and listening to the speaker, Reggie Fleming, a former hockey player famous for his ability to hospitalize Canadians on command. You know the sort of occasion.

To the contrary, my experience of mayoral prayer breakfasts with vulcanized croissants and honored ex-goons from the NHL is woefully scant.

Modesty forbids me from repeating here the countless stupid sentences written by Edwin Diamond, the media reporter for *New York*, that I've committed to memory, so this one from his recent story about *The New York Times* will have to do. Diamond was discussing Arthur Sulzberger Jr., the paper's 40-year-old heir apparent: "At the same time, he has a reverence for market research—another characteristic of his generation—and some of the currently fashionable mechanistic approaches to modern journalism, including an absorption with profit margins." We have not seen a more gangly bit of phraseolitude in a long time; moreover, it doesn't even make sense—Sulzberger has a reverence for an absorption with profit margins? What sense we can make of it is not encouraging. Punch Sulzberger, Arthur's father and the creator of the Living section, will be surprised to learn that his generation was indifferent to the paper's

readership and its profitability.

You are reading a newspaper. The opening paragraph of an article seems to describe a particular event. Then, pulling the old switcheroo, the writer tells you he is actually describing an incident that eerily

resembles the one you're thinking of. Is the writer William Safire, beginning his Op-Ed column in the *Times*? Well, actually, it is, but it is also Harvard professor Simon Schama, writing alongside Safire on the same day, and it's a reporter for *The Wall Street Journal* too, writing that same day's page-1 lead story. Here is Safire:

Obsessed by leaks, a powerful Chief Executive directs eager-to-please law officers to find out which of his aides [called] reporters.... The leak-plugger insists he broke no law, belatedly admitting only an "error of judgment."

Sound familiar?

Of course, Safire was really talking about the Procter & Gamble scandal, not Watergate. Now Schama:

A reactionary military coup is thwarted in a capital city when soldiers defect to the representatives of the people.... Rejoicing crowds surge through the streets bearing the new colors (red, blue and white)... Euphoria and fearfulness march together [and so on and so on].

Moscow in 1991? No, Paris in 1789.

Sound familiar? Then, that same day, page 1 of the *Journal*:

Companies are closing plants and firing tens of thousands of workers. There is excess capacity around the world. Industry leaders face years of restructuring.

The steel industry in the 1970s? Yup. And the computer industry in the 1990s.

Was something strange in the air

along the Eastern Seaboard that day? Yup.

In a recent *National Review*, John Simon carried on a conservative tradition that the right often neglects these days—anti-Semitism. Simon is the magazine's film critic, and discussing *Regarding Henry*, he complained that "although the legal milieu with which [the screenwriter, Jeffrey Abrams] is familiar is largely Jewish, he disguises this by calling the protagonist Henry Turner...and having him played by Harrison Ford. Henry's boss is the even more WASP Donald Moffat." According to Simon, Henry is "ruthless," his fellow lawyers "creepy," his friends "greedy," and "like hope and charity (forget about faith!), justice gets trampled into the mud of acquisitiveness." Oh—that legal milieu.

A story in *Entertainment Weekly* on *Dallas* began like this: "'Happy families are all alike,' wrote Tolstoy. 'Every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way.' Too bad Leo never met the Ewing clan..." Then, reviewing Raisa Gorbachev's book in *EW*, Suzanne Ruta began, "Happy first families are all alike, Tolstoy would have said if he'd read this pioneering Soviet foray into a quintessentially American genre, the political puff memoir." But what about *unhappy* first families? Well, writing in *People* last summer, Paula Chin, Joe Treen and Karen S. Schneider said, "Tolstoy was right, of course: Every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way.... Publicly and privately, all of the Kennedy women have had to find a way to cope." Finally, here's something Lee Smith wrote in *Fortune*: "What I also observed in my travels is that happy families are mostly alike (apologies to Tolstoy)... Where they differ is in the ways they deal with financial pressure." So apparently Tolstoy should have said, "All happy families are alike (where they differ is in the ways they deal with financial pressure); every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way. Just ask Patti Davis!"

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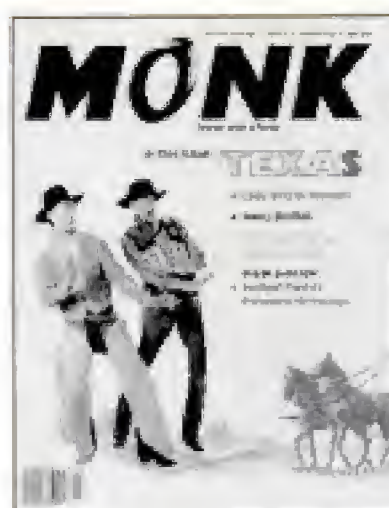
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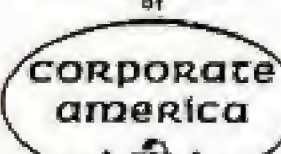
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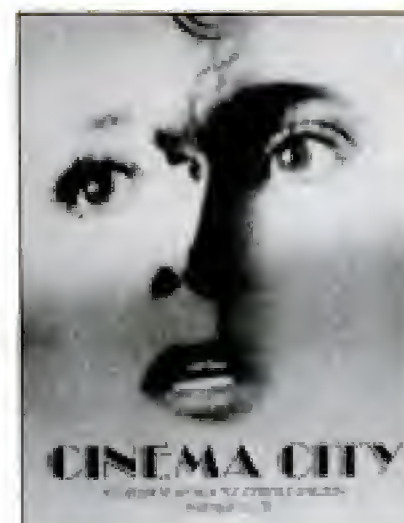
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SEE PAGE 75

Hearing Impairment

If Only Judge Thomas Had Been More Truthful from the Start

by Roy Blount Jr.



watch George Bush on TV, we're thinking, almost consciously, *That is just what he says to us. Because it's presumably what we want to hear. When he's conferring with advisers and other leaders, he probably doesn't sound silly at all.*

When critics or political opponents accuse the president of hypocrisy, why doesn't he nip that kind of talk in the bud by stating, "Hey, I did the Willie Horton thing to *get* elected. And I did the Saddam Hussein thing to *stay* elected. And I did the Clarence Thomas thing to torture the Democrats while I've got them down." That is what I mean by the New Candor.

The average American will understand candor. He or she will also understand, I hope, that while I am about to directly contradict things I've said in previous columns, the things I am saying now are an attempt to stave off depression:

Bush has enjoyed popularity ratings as high as 83 percent. Which may mean that 83 percent of him is popular, or that 83 percent of a certain number of scientifically chosen people regard him as popular. Either way, it proves the president knows what he is doing. So if you ask me what I believe in, in these challenging times, I'll go back to something Bush said to Colin Powell last May. Bob Woodward's *The Commanders* had disclosed that Bush's election to the presidency made Powell "uneasy." There was talk that this revelation might jeopardize Powell's standing at the White House. Here is what the president said to Powell: "If you have any angst, forget about it."

Of course, that's what Bush *told* reporters he said. I don't know how candid he was being.

Gotta tell ya: just because you get behind a Bush doesn't mean you find relief. ☺

I got the idea for the New Candor when I read that at one point during the first, G-rated round of Clarence Thomas's confirmation hearings, he was signaling to his supporters that he needed to go to the bathroom. Why didn't he just say so?

Senator Biden: ...and some of us find it troubling drone drone drone...

Judge Thomas: Senator, I believe the point is, and I think it's an important point—I remember my grandfather saying...I have to go to the bathroom.

Senator Kennedy: Now, let me get this straight, ahhr, you are saying that your grandfather said...?

Thomas: No, Senator, the point is, and I believe it is an even more important point as time goes on—

Senator Biden: If the chair could interject here, while demonstrating with this affectionate smile that there can be no doubt of the chair's deep personal concern and fondness for African American people of all races and creeds, may I just say that natural law whine whine...

Thomas: Senator, I—

Senator Hatch: I would like to remind the chair that just because Judge Thomas comes before this panel wearing a nice suit and tie, unlike Democrats of his color, does not mean so on and so forth some kind of point Utah viewers presumably assume I am making.

Thomas: Senator, I have to go to the bathroom.

Senator Simon: Bad?

Thomas: Senator, I would not be here before you on television discussing this issue if it were not pressing and vital to me. If you are asking whether I would welcome the

opportunity to relieve myself, yes.

Senator Thurmond: Me too.

Kennedy: May I say it is good to hear the senator from South Carolina, ahhr, deliver a remark, ahhr, not scripted by an extremely unimaginative aide. I believe I speak for many Americans when I say we'd thought you were even deadier than the, ahhr, rest of us on this panel until you issued that heartfelt statement.

Thurmond: Eh? Did I say anything?

The key question I want to raise about Thomas's testimony (back when he was establishing his character without reference to dongs) is this: when the Senate Judiciary Committee pressed him to explain the discrepancy between the right-wing sentiments he'd espoused for years and the deep commitments to social justice that the hearings elicited from him, why didn't he come out with the plain human truth? As in "Senator, those were the things I was saying to get *nominated* to the Supreme Court, and these are the things I am saying to get *confirmed*."

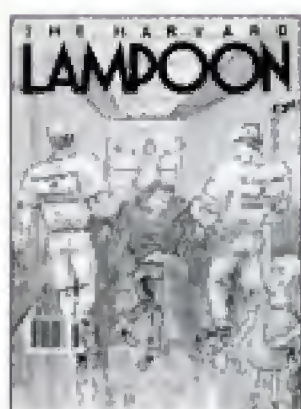
I think we can be trusted to grasp that distinction. After all, as we

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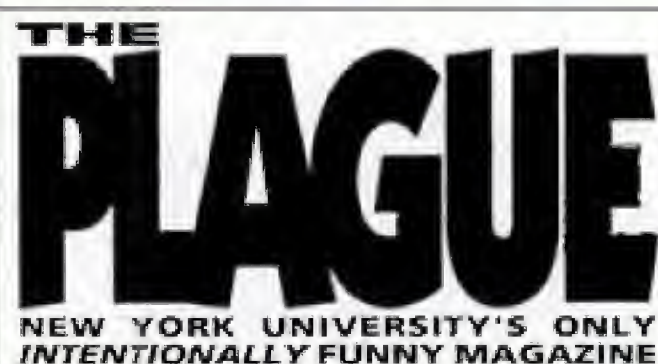


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ORDER FORM ON PAGE 73



Hey—Isn't She Supposed to Be Beautiful or Something? Princess Diana amuses fans waiting outside The Savoy Hotel with her impersonation of Ed Grimley imitating Bugs Bunny.



After a cabaret performance at the Carlyle, Eartha Kitt frightens a small child.

Party POOP

No Degrees of Separation Sidney Poitier lays one on cosmetics billionaire and superfresh fly girl Estée Lauder in London.



The Envelope, Please! On one team: grizzled celebrity stenographers Cindy Adams and Liz Smith. On the other team: leathery survivor Connie Stevens and quasi-celebrity hanger-on and freelance pharmacist Nikki Haskell. The event: the Tenth Annual Metro-Region Eyelinerathon, doubles division.





For a decade now, babies have been a foolproof accessory for the fading celebrity who wants to attract the attention of photographers (*left*, see Mrs. Tony Danza with daughter Katie at the circus in Los Angeles). But, *above*, innovative former Mormon sex kitten Marie Osmond finds that a life-size doll is effective bait for paparazzi, too—and for cute life-size rodents!



Variation No. 2: If you don't have a baby or a doll, try carting a boa constrictor around with you, as (1) doomed publicity whore La Toya Jackson did at a recent party at New York's Amazon Village. What is it about the long, slimy creatures that makes people—like (2) TV pornography hostess Robin Byrd, (3) censored TV host Gilbert Gottfried and (4) authoress Jackson herself—want

to, uh, make mouth-to-snake contact (or, [5] in the case of irrelevant short-fingered vulgarian Donald Trump, mouth-to-mouth contact)?





Piece of Cake David Dinkins seems strangely and tellingly unembarrassed that a birthday cake purchased for him by hangers-on depicts the one-term mayor standing outside his office on a tennis court holding a racket.

Silver Lining Isn't it nice to know the recession hasn't affected the transvestite industry? Veteran Garbo and Cher impersonators show a new Katharine Graham impersonator the ropes.



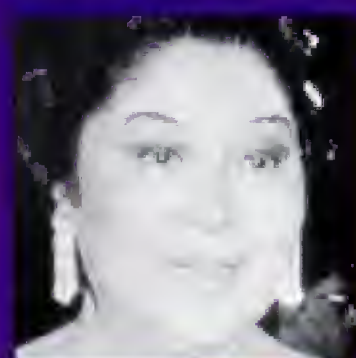
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6. Cindy Crawford



F

Does footwear reveal character? With famous people, almost certainly yes, and we can provide some guidelines: the shorter and squatter the celebrity, the shorter and squatter the shoe; the more money the celebrity makes playing professional tennis, the more the shoe is in bad taste; the more likely the celebrity's formerly rich father is to end up wearing very white loafers year-round in West Palm Beach, the more likely the celebrity is to wear very white slip-ons.

Answers: 1f, 2e, 3d, 4b, 5c, 6a

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Oval Office Diary

Notes Toward a Nonfiction Novel

TRANSCRIPTION OF GHWB DICTAPHONE RECORDING 021-1091

Ah . . . Dear . . . ah, Dictaphone.

Little steamed here. Listen--just listen to this clip: "Their civilian population was pummeled by this reckless man and they just don't need to go through it anymore." Me? Reckless? Gotta find out which Pulitzer prize winner said this. See if he ever gets called on--

Hang on. Hang on. Said it myself--there it . . . heh. Said it about Saddam, said it myself. So that's okay. Heh. Goes to show ya. I was all ready to sit down, all angry, and pull out that blue stationery with the seal on it and start typing a sharp, sharp note to Marlin, to have him get to the bottom of this. Anyway--dandy. It's Saddam that's reckless, and who pummels.

Guess I'm a little testy these days. Big speech at the UN, chance to shine, and what happens but I get talked into going on and on about that end-of-history Fukuyama guy. Tell ya, these speechwriters grab hold of an idea--"the Resumption of History," think it was--and they just don't let go of it, and you're the fella that's up there getting translated into all those headphones while guys in turbans are yawning. Reminds me: Jim Lehrer! This is before the UN happened, couldn't believe it, watching that MacNeil-Lehrer news show, and he says--Lehrer--says something like, "Tolstoy, who was the author of War and Peace and other great literature things." Literature things. Now, even I know they're called novels. And it made me think, Is Lehrer allusioning to me? Because the thing thing is my thing, and everyone knows it and I can't help it and there it is.

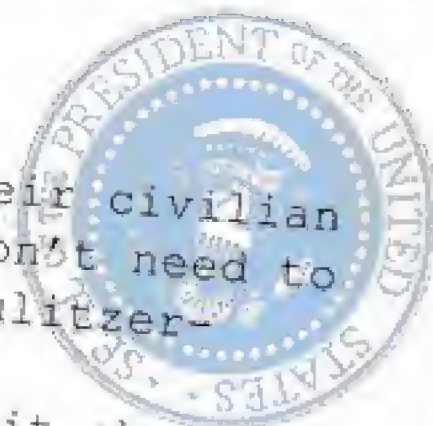
But there's good news. Got a lot of welcome kudos on the disarmament speech--reminds me, had an idea for a campaign slogan: "First in war"--some victory-parade footage--"first in peace"--some disarmament footage--"and first"--uh, gotta make a note to Sig to think up a first in something else. Shouldn't be hard. We've had a darn good run of luck. Even that day a couple months ago--when those reporters spotted Sununu driving himself around Kennebunkport--which was good--but what they didn't notice, thank God, was that his car had dealer plates.

And T2--T2, as in we're in the midst of T1 now--T2's looking pretty good. Harkin, Kerrey--yeah, really got my knees shaking inside my high-water pants. So, just gonna keep taking my baby aspirin, keep Jimmy flyin' around lookin' busy, maybe shift into semithreatening mode every few months--that's just prudent planning--and Bar won't have to write out any change-of-address postcards for a few more years. Just have to remember to keep saying how excited I get when I think of what we can do educationwise and on the environment later.

Know I mentioned T2, but not H2. Right: Sea Island, Honeymoon Numero Dos. Just me and Bar, and of course Marlin, and all those press on that other island that's over there in case someone takes a shot at me. And also the cast of Forever Plaid. Last part's a joke. Anyway, H2. What can I say except 46 years is a long time and I played a lot of golf. Heck, almost called a press conference just to get the old, uh, thyroid pumping.

GHWB:gk

October 1991



swatch...

and time

can do

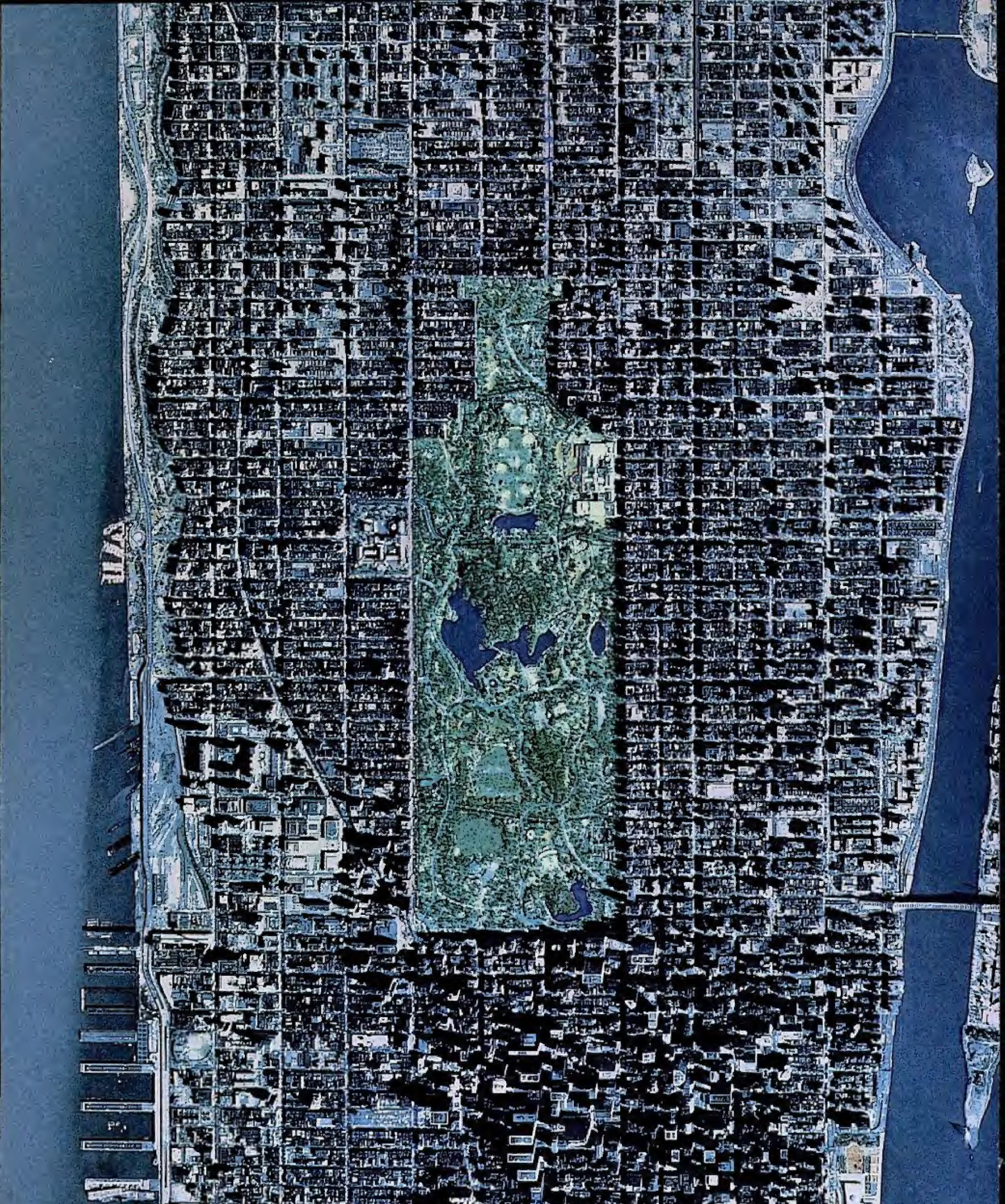
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